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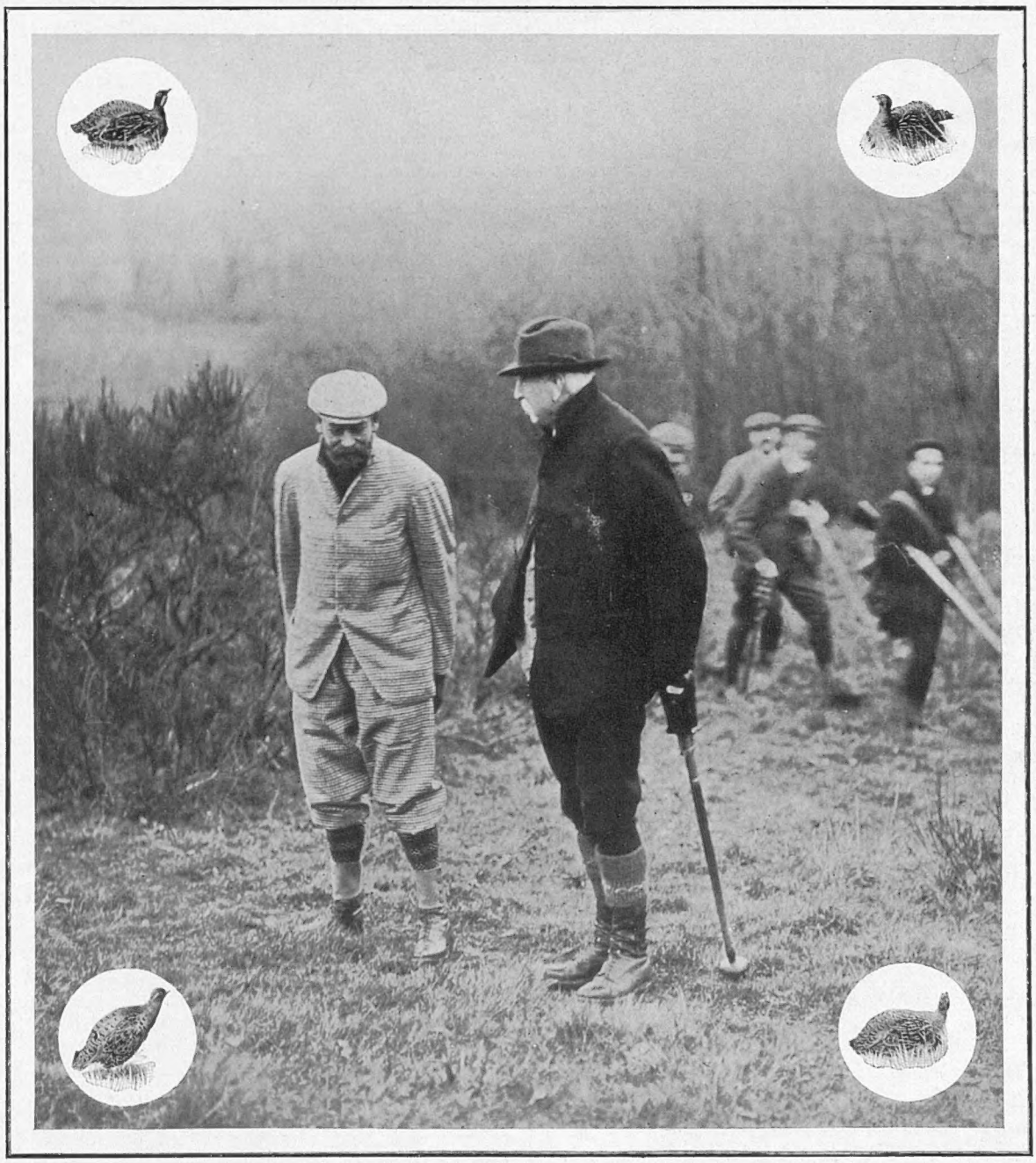
Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 196.—Vol. XV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 4, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.



HIS UNERRING HIGHNESS!

The Prince of Wales, Britain's premier game-shot. The Prince is chatting with General Sir T. Kelly-Kenny

No. 196.—Vol. XV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES.**

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday September 4,, 1907

A number of the British visitors who followed King Edward out of the theatre at Marienbad, as a protest against the indecency of the piece being performed, are now known to have remained out.

* * *

It is denied that Prince Bülow and M. Cambon discussed Franco-German relations at the recent meeting at Norderney. "There was only an exchange of cordial words, nothing more." It was, in fact, quite a Norderney meeting. (The writer of this has left the staff.—ED.)

* * *

No one will grudge our six hundred odd M.P.'s their holidays. Once quit of the House, they are as harmless as any body of men in the world, and may be trusted to hunt the stag, shrimp, or finish Limericks without bothering anyone. It is to be hoped they will not go in too vehemently for Limericks, for they are, remember, in a jaded condition, and if they don't get prizes, Mr. Byles will be quite sure the money is not properly distributed.

* * *

Why should not Constituencies be given reports of their Members' behaviour during term-time? The Lord Chancellor could easily write them without bias, *e.g.*;—

Balfour, A. J.—Clever, but slothful. No improvement in Tariff Reform.

Churchill, W.—Geography better. Manners worse.

Lea, H. C.—Troublesome. Lea must reform or expulsion will ensue.

Turnour, Lord.—Well-meaning. Talks too much in class.

Redmond, W.—The old fault. Cannot master English.

* * *

For our part, we cannot see that this Session has been wasted, as some people maintain. The Government has not effected a great deal, perhaps, but it has been thorough. And now an Englishman is entitled to marry his deceased wife's sister—if so disposed; and, if that does not satisfy him, he can further apply for a Small Holding. Bachelors who prefer to live in Town may sneer at these privileges, but—well, there they are. A lot of brain-work has been expended on them.

* * *

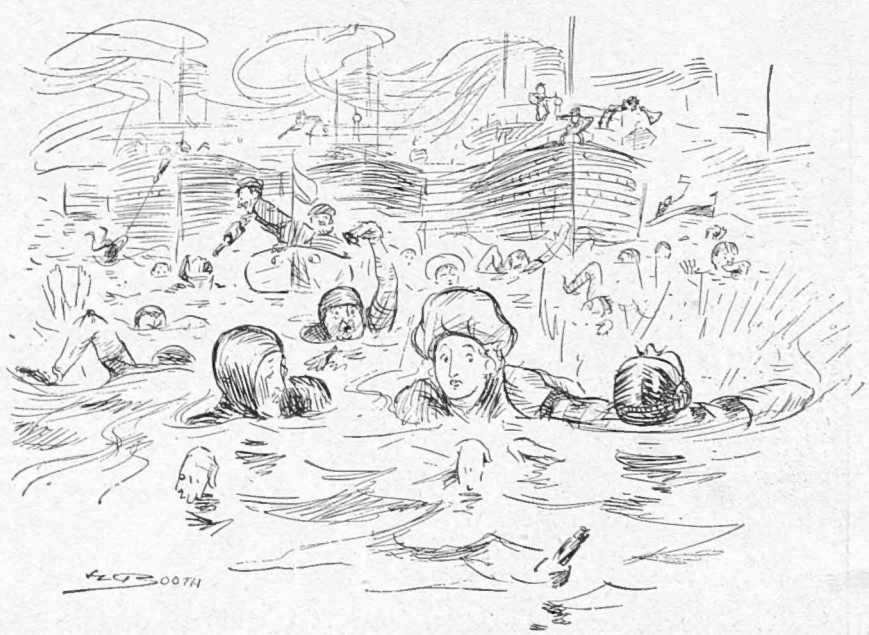
Disarmament proposals have not met with much approval among the Great Powers, but Denmark has taken a step in the right direction. In order to get in the harvest, the Danish Government has decided not to hold the usual military manœuvres this autumn. The spirit of the Vikings is evidently rather cheap to-day.

* * *

The German manœuvres, on the other hand, are to be even more realistic than usual, and the Kaiser "will bivouac on the field with the troops in an asbestos house." Of course, in actual warfare one could not always expect to bivouac in an asbestos house. But while the sham-fight is raging hotly, it's nice to know that one's house wouldn't catch fire, even supposing real shells were hurtling at it.

* * *

The Kaiser has invited a good many guests to the probable field of battle, and an Imperial motor garage is already erected upon it. Many soldiers are of opinion that the visitors' cars flying about the battle-field will give even a better idea of the horrors of war than the actual firing.



The Mid-Channel Crush: A Forecast

SHE: "I really think I shall give it up after this season. One meets such *queer* people here nowadays. There's that horrid little man's elbow in my face again."

HE: "Yes, I know. These week-end bounders *will* try and reverse. They ought to be chucked out"

By J. L. C. BOOTH

Cabmen are proverbially unreasonable, and we do not think that the driver of the four-wheeler which came in half last week could be justified in charging his passengers for a drive in two hansoms.

* * *

The Home Secretary's order, extending to all prisoners with over one month's imprisonment the privilege of earning a remission not exceeding one-sixth of the whole sentence, has not so far had any noticeable result. Properly advertised, however, there is no reason why this generous move should not induce quite a number of people to try burgling.

* * *

Professor Zueblin's statement that Americans—and particularly Chicagoans—are inferior to Englishmen in their sense of humour, owing to their far greater devotion to business, has been challenged, we understand, by a leading Chicago packer. It shows a better appreciation, he maintains, of the humorous side of life to pack pork than it does to eat it after it has been packed.

* * *

The *Daily Graphic's* expedition to Russia by balloon is an interesting one, and we hope the aeronauts will arrive safely and not be suspected of a plot to murder the Tsar by dropping picture-postcards on him. We do not know if a passport is necessary when you are travelling in Russian air, but it will be wise to take them. The Russian police are a suspicious race, and might think the adventurers were trying to avoid military service or escaping from Siberia if there were no passports on view.

* * *

Picture postcards addressed by readers of our contemporary to their friends are to be taken up in place of ballast and dropped when necessary. The finder will post them, if he is an honest finder. The bother, to our mind, is to know what to write on one's card on such a unique occasion. "Trusting this finds you well as it leaves me" seems trite; and it will be useless to send definite messages, such as "Meet me at Earl's Court on Tuesday afternoon," for, of course, the card may lie on a Polish haystack or a Belgian beehive for weeks. Presumably, simplicity will strike the right note—"Love from Birdie" or "Ever your faithful Dick" would be harmless, and likely to pass even a Russian censor. And it will be nice for the addressee to know that his or her postcard gave just the necessary lift to the largest balloon at present flying.

* * *

Bradford has now been added to the long list of cities rejoicing in Lord Mayors. To be a mere "Mayor" nowadays is rapidly becoming a unique distinction.

"THE BYSTANDER'S" WEATHER "TIPS"

Wednesday, Sept. 4, to Tuesday, Sept. 10, inclusive.

WEATHER ANTICIPATION FOR BRITISH ISLES AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

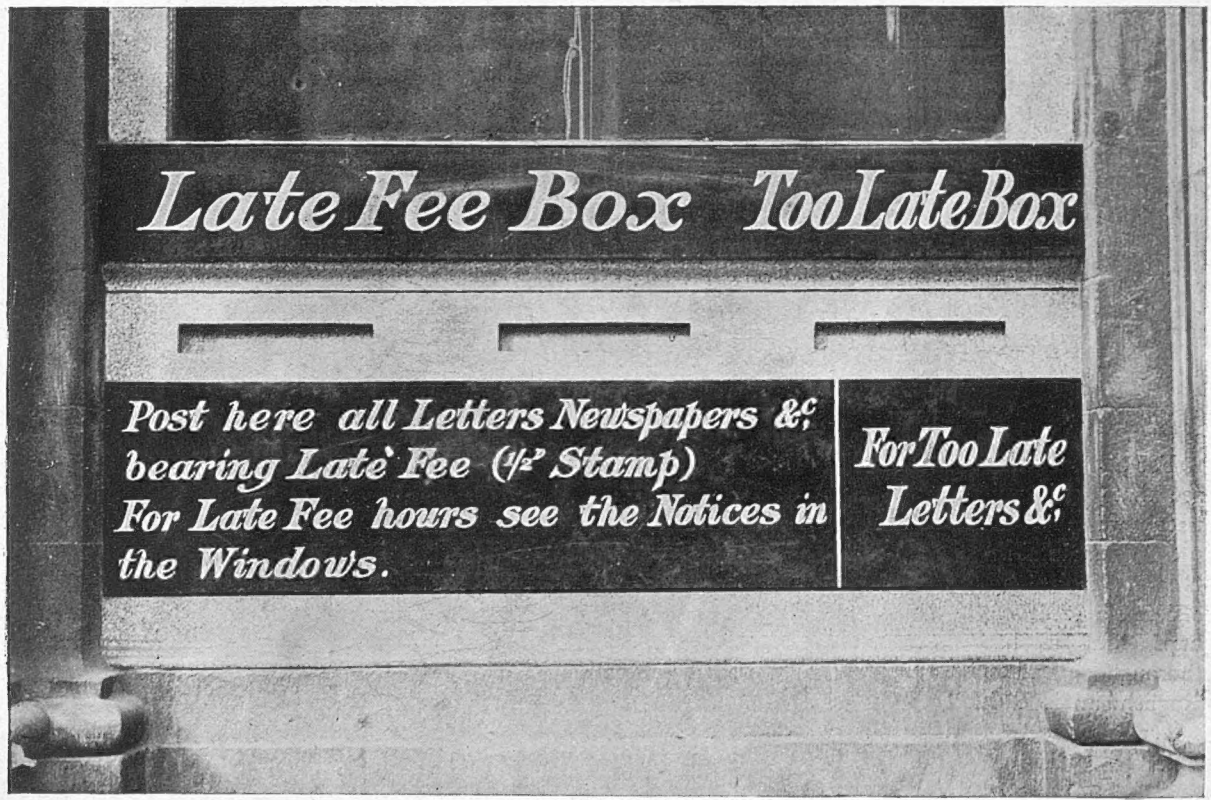
There is still no prospect of a lengthy settlement of the weather. This week is expected to be very changeable in temperature and otherwise —

Wednesday, 4th, and until noon Thursday: Strong cold winds.

Thursday, 5th, noon, until Friday evening: Distinctly warmer, but still very unsettled.

Saturday, 7th: Fair and cool until evening.

Sunday, 8th, Monday, 9th, and Tuesday, 10th: Mostly fine and warm, but with a strong tendency towards (and possibly actual) thunderstorms.



Photo] **"GOVERNING IRELAND ACCORDING TO IRISH IDEAS"** *[Illustrations Bureau*

The Dublin G.P.O.'s genial little experiment of a "Too Late Box" in which letters too late to be "late," are not, if sufficient stamps are placed on them, too late to be in time

(Irish readers please unfathom)

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Return of the King

On Saturday, in, we are assured, better health than he has been for years, the King returns to England and starts almost immediately for Rufford, where, for the Doncaster race week, he is to be the guest of Lord and Lady Savile. Rufford Abbey, situated in beautiful country on the borders of Sherwood Forest, is a great, stately Elizabethan mansion with which are incorporated the remains of an old Cistercian monastery. It is full of objects of bigotry and virtue acquired by Lord Savile during the course of his diplomatic career, and the Italian and Japanese gardens which surround the house have been laid out during the last few years by Lady Savile, a skilful and enthusiastic gardener. Lord Savile, who has entertained the King at Rufford some seven or eight times, is the son of a country parson—the Rev. Frederick Lumley, Rector of Bilsthorpe—and Lady Savile, *née* Miss Violet Wedderburn, in her youth a golden-haired Brighton beauty, is the widow of Mr. Horace Helyar, of Yeovil.

Very Much There!

Miss Muriel Wilson, hastening to the County Stand at the York Races, where the Tranby Croft element was, as usual, very prominent

* * *

The York Meeting

As a foretaste of Doncaster, the York Meeting, last week, was delightful. From the North-Country social standpoint, it is always quite the most delightful of the year, and last week its delights were doubled by the glorious weather. In bad weather—well, I have experienced it more than once, and words fail me. Oh! the "dem'd damp moist unpleasantness" of that Yorkshire mist and oh! the heaviness of that Knavesmire going! Knave by name and mire by nature, as "a well-known wit" remarked on a

The Scene in the County Stand at the York Races

If the St. Leger, which is run on the 11th inst., is the "Derby of the North," the York Races have some claim to be called the Ascot thereof. They are a most exclusively social function—and highly representative of "the county." Among the best-know people present were the "Tranby Croft" Wilsons, Lord and Lady Knaresborough, Lords Decies, Downe, and Durham; while the general public attendance was enormous and quite brilliant

The Dublin Show: As a Sporting Spectacle

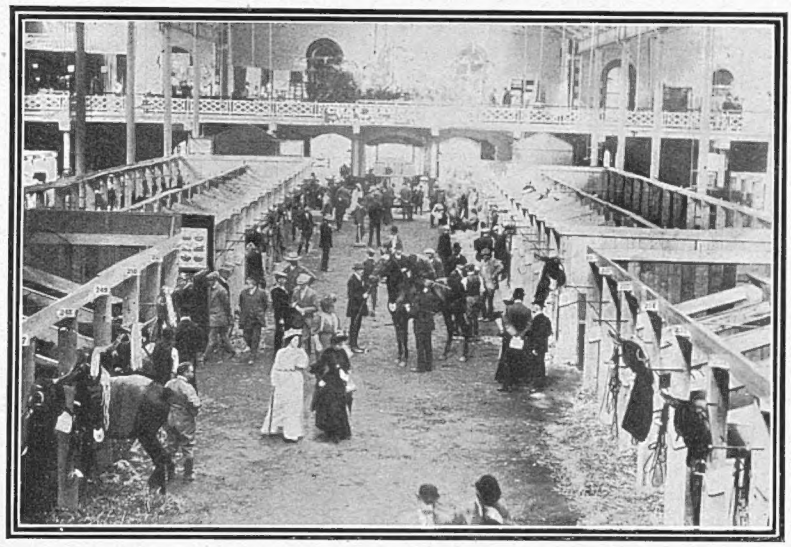
Photos

The Winner of the One-Mile Trotting Record
Mr. James Grant's Killarney

Illustrations Bureau

The Jumping Competition
Cherry Picker and Uninsured taking a wall

Though there was a slight falling off in the number of exhibits, which, this year, totalled 1,316, there was none in the quality of the animals to be seen at Dublin this year. Irish bred horses have been remarkably lucky in the big races of the year, but, oddly enough, most of the big wins at Dublin were made by English exhibitors at the Show. Hunters, of course, constitute by far the greater proportion of the animals exhibited, being this year about 70 per cent. of the total number. Mr. John Drage, of Northampton, was successful in winning three firsts and one second with his hunters



General View of the Hunters' Stalls

First Prize, Double Harness Ponies
Miss Gubbins' Mercury and Pool Ring

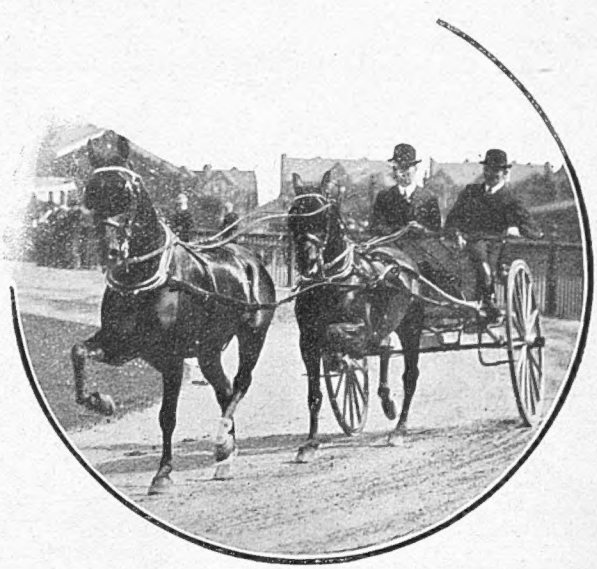
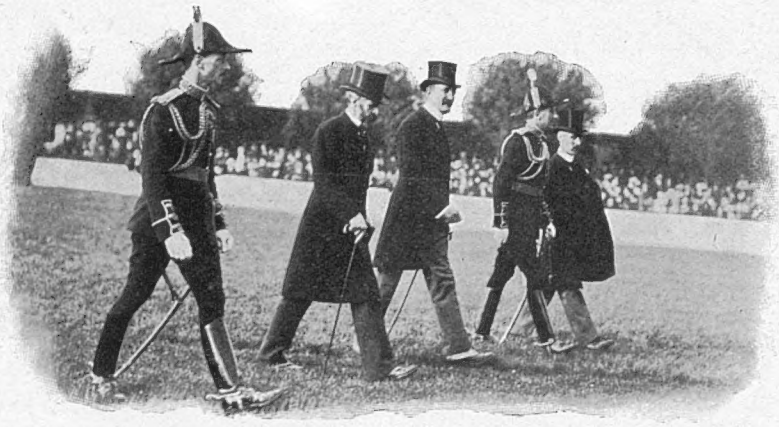


Photo *Dixon*

Winners of the Tandem Championship
Mr. Howard Frank's Tissington Kitcat and Cock Robin

The Show as a Social Function



The Viceroy Arrives

Lord Aberdeen, with Captain Cecil Fetherstonhaugh, the chairman of the committee, walks to the Vice-regal box

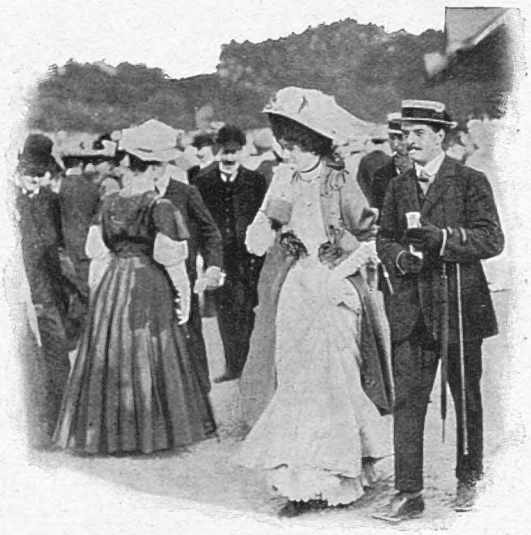
Phot Topical Agency

The Duchess of Westminster with Mr. John Watson the well-known Irish Sportsman

Photos

Lord and Lady de Clifford

Lord de Clifford is one of the keenest of Irish racing peers, and has a private racecourse at Dalgan Park, Tuam, where his wife (late Miss Eva Carrington of the Vaudeville), frequently runs her own horses



Topical Agency

Countess Massereene

One of the most beautiful of Irish peeresses, who is rarely absent from race meetings, Irish or otherwise

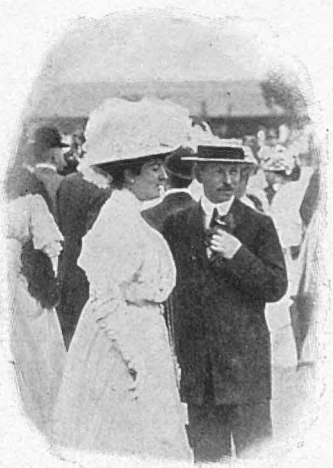


Photo Topical Agency

Countess Annesley

Whose costume attracted general admiration

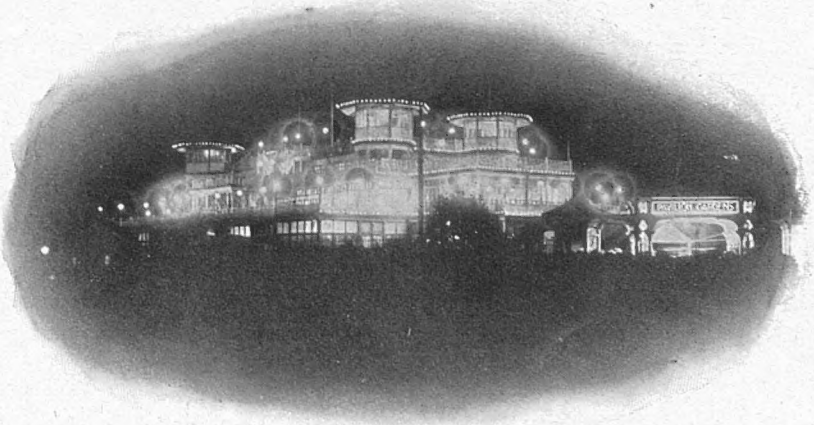


Photo Illustrations Bureau

A Fine Sight by Night: The Pavilion Gardens illuminated in honour of the Show

A record attendance successfully combated the assertion that Fashion had forsaken the Dublin Show, while record weather made the proceedings, if possible, more enjoyable than ever

The Furbishing-Up of Windsor

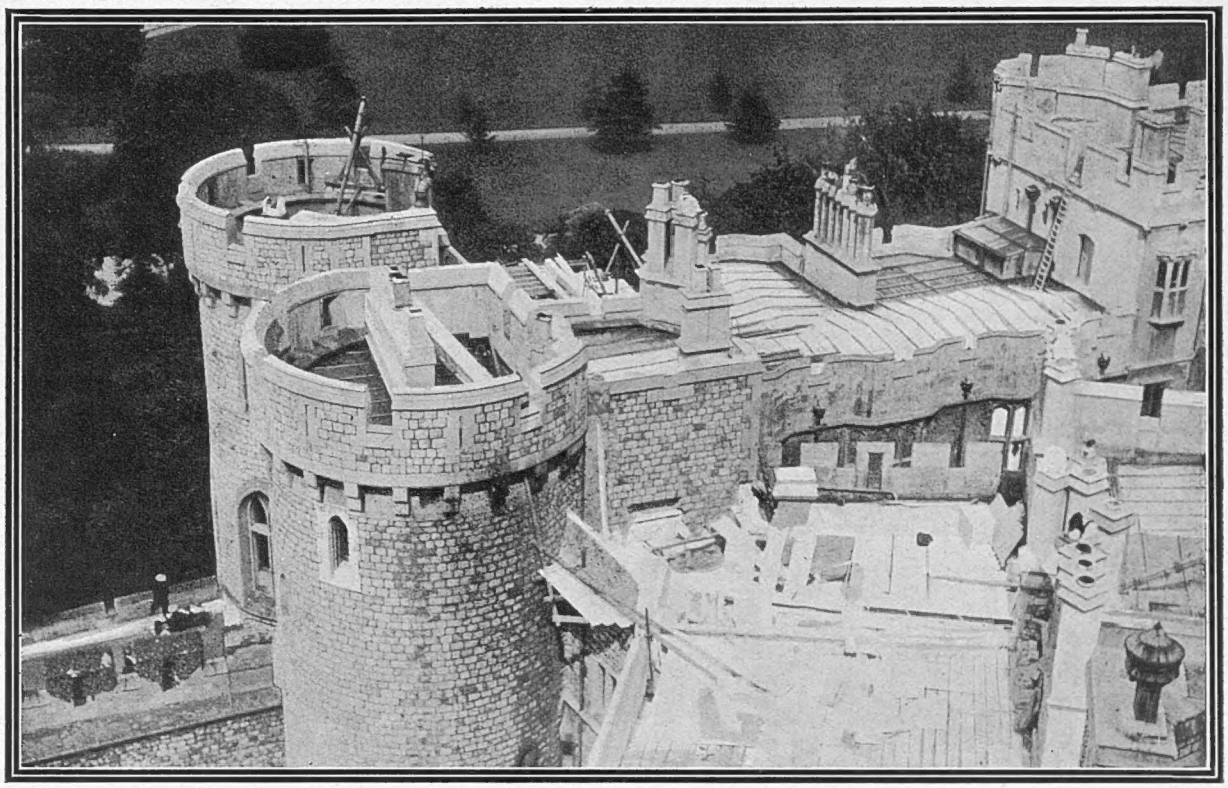


Photo *Topical Agency*

Awaiting the King's Return: Repairing the roof of Windsor Castle during the Royal holiday

An unusual aspect of a familiar landmark

former and wetter occasion. Everyone within any sort of covering distance—and what distance is not coverable in these glad days of motors?—entertains in true Yorkshire fashion—*i.e.* quite royally. From Tranby Croft, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson always bring a large party, which includes their daughter, Muriel, and their grand-daughter, pretty Miss Nancy Lycett Green. From Warter Priory, Lord Nunburnholme's seat, comes no one. Lord Nunburnholme disapproves of racing. But Mrs. Guy Fairfax is another good-looking Wilson who never fails to attend; and Lord and Lady Knaresborough, Lords Decies, Downe, and Durham, and Sir Thomas and Lady Evelyn Pilkington are other regular participators. The races themselves have a record running back over a hundred and sixty years, Wednesday's race for the Ebor Handicap being second in North-Country interest only to the St. Leger. Thursday's Gimcrack Stakes are interesting, inasmuch as not only does the Gimcrack Club give added money to the stakes to the amount of £500, but the owner of the winner makes the speech of the year on Turf politics at the Club dinner in December.

* * *

Dublin's Week

Ireland's unrest during Dublin's Week was conspicuous only by its absence. It was more apparent probably over in England, where Mr. Redmond et Cie kept us all *au fait*, than in Ireland, where the "accurséd Englishman" was having the time of his life at the Horse Show. Sport, with the true Irishman, as everyone knows, comes before everything. Before life and love, before patriotism, before even Gain. Last week, in the gay little capital on the Liffey, there was but one object in life, one reason for existence—the horses. A record entry gave the lie to the rumour that Dublin's week was waning in popularity. A record attendance successfully combated the assertion that Fashion had forsaken it. Record weather made the whole proceedings, if possible, even more enjoyable than usual. At the races, as is usual at Irish race-meetings, every style and variety of apparel was to be seen on both man and woman. The severe tailor-made of the Irishwoman who knows her horses and makes her own bets, contrasted well with the white Empire muslins and lovely Irish laces of the ladies who are content to let their men-folk approach the bookies for them, and the absence of the Viceregal party from Leopardstown gave just that spice of stolen sweetness to the day—which is the little more, and oh! how much it is.

* * *

Some Visitors

For the week, Dublin was so full that all accommodation of any kind was at a premium. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster—the latter always a noticeable figure owing to her height—had taken Mr. Ashley Cockle's house in Merrion Square, and were entertaining a large party there; Lady Portarlington made her first appearance at the Horse Show as one of the brides of the year; Lady Annesley, beautifully dressed, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain were among those staying at the Shelbourne, and the stage element, past and present, always well represented at the Horse Show, was provided by Miss Zena Dare, Mr. Seymour Hicks, Mr. Mouillot, Lady Headfort and the tall

Are They Downhearted?

JUDGING BY THE EXPRESSIONS OF MINISTERS OFF FOR THEIR HOLIDAYS, WE SHOULD BE INCLINED TO SAY—

"NO!"

The Session closed last Thursday, much to the general relief, and Ministers and private Members alike departed for their various holidays in excellent humour with each other. Considering how gloomy were the prospects, political and meteorological, of a few weeks ago, members of the Government have some reason to feel relieved. The actual results of the Session were not half so bad as they themselves expected, and the weather was quite warm for the time of year

Photos

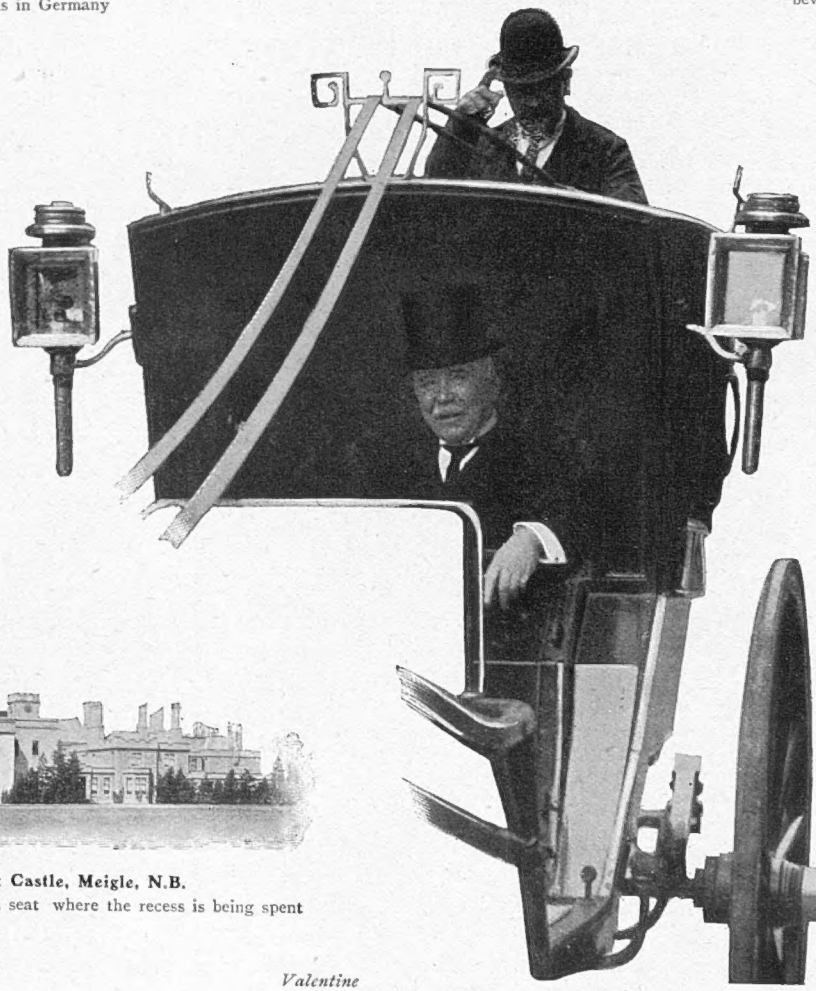
Smiles that Won't Come Off

Satisfied expressions on the faces of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George—Ministers who have certainly increased their political reputations during the Session. Mr. Churchill proceeds shortly to East Africa, while Mr. Lloyd George is in Germany

Illustrations Bureau

Quite the Minister Now!

Mr. John Burns leaves the House for a little holiday in Germany, where "Honest John" will devote himself to the study of German municipal methods. Corrupt Guardians, beware!



A Hand—(Owner Unknown)

Possibly belonging to a disappointed supporter

Belmont Castle, Meigle, N.B.

The Premier's Scottish seat where the recess is being spent

Photos *Valentine* *—and Park*

"Euston, 10.5—sharp!" "Yessir!"

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman (all smiles)—true, as ever, to the traditions which gained his Government the nicknames respectively of the "Hansom Cab-inet" and the "Ministry of the Hansom Cab"—takes one to Euston *en route* for the train to Belmont Castle, his seat in Scotland, where he will spend the time before the Autumn oratorical campaign. [The Premier is *not*, we understand, entertaining Lord Rosebery during the recess]

The New Lord Dunmore

Gibson-girl, Lady de Clifford. Lady de Clifford, by the way, has taken to horses as a bird to the air. She becomes more Irish than the Irish. Wise woman, and lucky! In Ireland the ex-musical-comedy peeress treads a far smoother path than does her sister-peeress in England. Sir Thomas Lipton and Sir Thomas Dewar, two untaxed bachelors, were often to be seen together, he of bacon fame generally in yachting dress, he of "the cratur" making ne'er a bet, for he disapproves—and keeps a stud at Newmarket. Amongst a host of others, Lord Ashtown, for once free from bombs, was to be seen, Lord and Lady Grenfell, Lord and Lady Liverpool, Lord and Lady Fingall, the latter very keen on "the racin'," the Italian Ambassador, and the Earl and Countess of Orkney (the latter yet another ex-actress of musical comedy fame).

Photo *Dickinson*

The New Earl of Dunmore

(late Viscount Fincastle, V.C., M.V.O.), "Handsome, brave, and charming'—that is the ladies' view of the successor to the "Christian Science" Earldom. Though a soldier, the Earl is of the same faith as his late father

* * *

The New Lord Dunmore—

Viscount Fincastle, V.C., M.V.O., who so unexpectedly succeeds to the Earldom of Dunmore, is, in many more ways than one, the true son of his father. Good looks, bravery, and enthusiasm were the attributes, in equal proportions, of both. Like his father before him, Lord Fincastle is a soldier—a profession he combines, in delightful disregard of their incongruity, with a whole-hearted devotion to the cult of Christian Science. He is a godson of the King, the only Christian Scientist so favoured, and in his thirty-six years of life has been lucky enough to see quite a lot of service. He won his V.C. for conspicuous gallantry with the Guides Cavalry in the Afghan Frontier War. During the Boer War he served in two regiments, his own, the 16th Lancers, and the Inniskillings, and, in addition was the Fincastle of Fincastle's Horse. He married not long ago Miss Lucinda Dorothea Kemble, a lady from the Isle of Skye.

* * *

—And the Old

The late Lord Dunmore was surely one of the most amazing of the many amazing men whose names are entered on our roll of peers. Scottish chieftain, sportsman, crank, explorer, writer, musician, settler, and, at the end of all things, a Christian Scientist, everything he did was done at the whole length of the rein. Half-measures, with this intrepid son of the Murrays, found but scant favour. He spent the best years of his life travelling, exploring, settling; he married young, a daughter of the Earl of Leicester, who survives him, and it was not until well on in years that, wearied of more strenuous interests, the owner of the Island of Harris turned his enthusiasms and his zeal to bear on the Christian Science cult. Having done so, however, he gave to it all the attention, all the energy he had been wont to expend on more strenuous, if less pious, pursuits. He visited its foundress, Mrs. Eddy, several times; he wrote several pamphlets on the cult; and he did his utmost to further its influence in England. He was an avowed believer in Christian Science. One notes with a slight surprise, therefore, the fact that the countryside was scoured for a doctor on the night of his death. Such is the sharpness of the "abhorred shears," more powerful still than even the newest religion!

Lord Arthur Hill

Who is contesting West Down in the Unionist interest

* * *

The "Lucky Tecks"

There has been another addition to the handsome House of Teck in the birth of a son to "Princess Alix." "The young Tecks," the late Duke of Cambridge used to say, "are lucky." But luck is a quality difficult to define. Good looks, nice manners, and no mean heritage of brain certainly are theirs. It would be strange were they not, seeing that their father was one of the handsomest men and their mother one of the most lovable women of their day. Earthly treasure, however, is theirs in no overwhelming measure. The Princess of Wales, certainly, can scarcely be said, at present, at any rate, to be feeling the pinch of poverty. But both she and her brothers were brought up in the simplest possible way. The head of the family, the Duke of Teck, finds his income very conveniently augmented by his post as Military

The New Forest Deerhounds

THE OPENING MEET AT MARKWAY BRIDGE

Bringing up the Pack after Locating a Stag

Mr. O. T. Price, the Master

Hounds Run their Stag to Water

The Field following Tufters

The New Forest Deerhounds opened their season with a good day's sport a week or so back. The pack, which is now under the Mastership of Mr. O. T. Price, was established in 1854, and for some years hunted in April and August only. Now, however, the pack hunts from August right through to April, the months of October and February excepted

The Newest of the "Dreadnoughts"

Attaché to the British Embassy in Vienna, where he and his wife, a sister of the Duke of Westminster, have a delightful flat. Prince Francis of Teck, approaching forty, very good-looking, very soldierly, and very much a man about town, appears to find rich friends his best investment. He and the Von Andrés (founders of Harrod's Stores) are all but inseparables—some do say he is their adopted heir; and his princely name is also quite often coupled with that of the beautiful and well-known daughter of a wealthy North-country shipowner. The third and last of the sons of Teck, Prince Alexander, is in the Royal Horse Guards and a keen soldier.

Temeraire was launched at Devonport by Countess Fortescue, wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Devon, the launching of this latest deadly death-dealer being preceded, as usual, by a short religious ceremony.

* * *

The Smart Set in America

The millionaire hostesses of Newport and New York have lately been waging war o'er the prostrate, youthful form of their latest Royal visitant, Prince William of Sweden, whose engagement to the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna was lately announced. The visit of Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the German Emperor, was the occasion for the triumph of

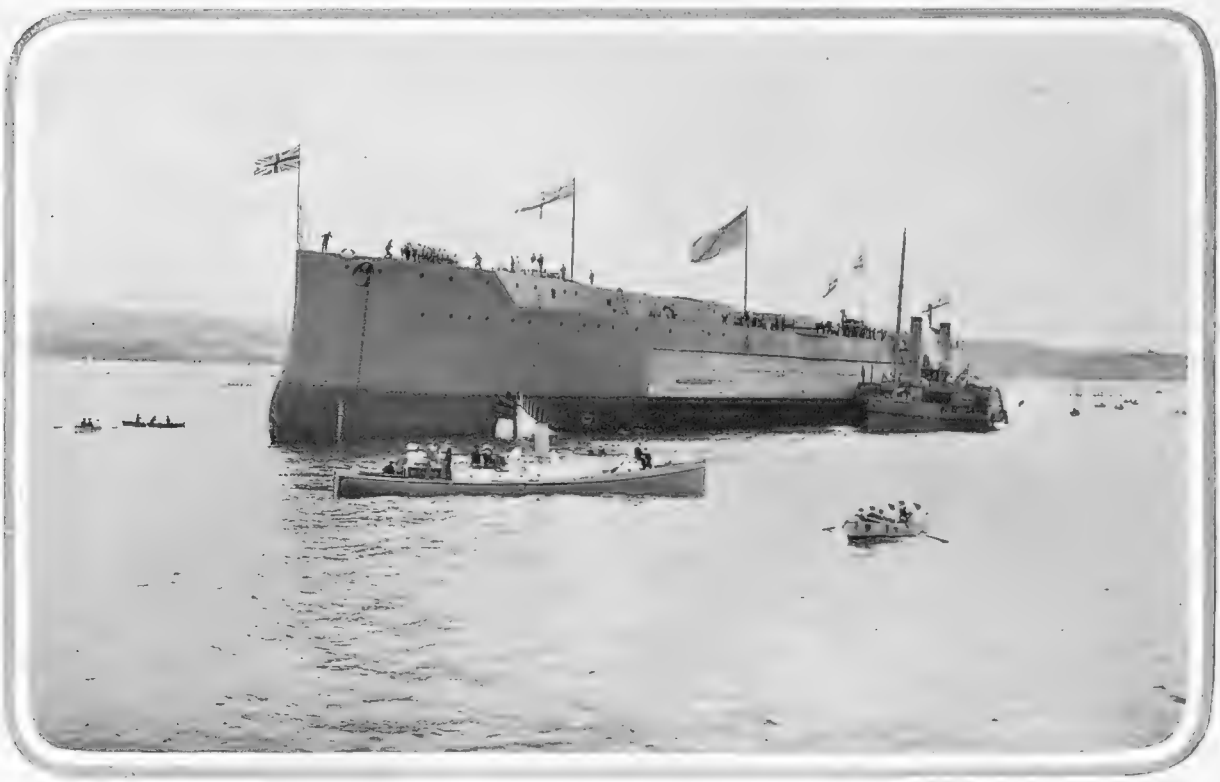


Photo *Crockett*

The Launch of the "Temeraire" at Devonport: The vessel in the water

What a contrast there is between the picturesque old *Temeraire* we are familiar with in Turner's famous picture and the vessel of the same name, the latest addition to our Fleet. She is the third of the *Dreadnought* class, but is even larger in many respects than that giant vessel, having 700 tons more displacement. The ship was launched at Devonport by Countess Fortescue, the wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Devon

Both he and his wife—who, by the way, is a clever amateur artist — are ever to the fore in the cause of charity; and of late, on appeals for funds issued by the Waterloo Road Hospital for Women and Children, their name has conspicuously figured.

* * *

The Launch of the "Temeraire"

In England's song for ever
She's the fighting *Temeraire*.

The *Dreadnought*, until but yesterday the largest warship in the world, is already an old story. The *Temeraire*, the third of the *Dreadnought* class, has superseded her. She is the heaviest battleship yet launched, yet she requires two hundred fewer men to man her than any ship of the *King Edward VII.* class. Her displacement is 700 tons more than the *Dreadnought*, and, by the raising of her turret, she can fire eight of her guns simultaneously astern, while the *Dreadnought* can fire only six. The

the Vanderbilt social section. The recent visit of Prince William of Sweden gave opportunity for revenge to another. To an expectant American public, through an amenable American Press, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish announced her intention of avenging, during the stay of the Swedish Prince in Newport, the defeat sustained by herself and other millionaire ladies on the occasion of the Prussian visit. She secured the young Prince to lunch, and omitted from her list of guests the Vanderbilts and Mrs. Harriman. She booked him for a farewell party four days later, but reckoned not on the wiliness of the enemy. Mrs. "Corny" Vanderbilt, patrolling Newport in her dog-cart, swooped down on the unsuspecting Prince William while he was out for a stroll, and, before he knew where he was, whirled him off to a tea-party at her "cottage." Next day, all Newport expected to meet the Prince on board his cruiser *Fylgit*, but owing to bad weather it had to be

Newport's Fight for Prince William

postponed at the last minute. Mrs. Vanderbilt, on receiving word of the postponement, sent off her husband post-haste to request the honour of the Prince's company on board their own yacht *North Star*, on which, in less time than it takes to tell, a magnificent fête had been arranged. That was score No. 2 over Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who, recognising defeat, climbed down, announced to the aforesaid Press that it was all a mistake, and declared that revenge had never even entered her calculations.

* * *

Honours Easy

In the end, therefore, honours were fairly easy. The Prince, as the bone over which the dogs were quarrelling, behaved really beautifully, and came out of the "shindy" far less scratched than the dogs themselves. He entertained his hosts on board his cruiser *Fylgit*, and, naturally, ignored entirely their recent struggles over his person. The Swedish Minister at Washington, alarmed as much at the grandeur of the hospitality extended as at the severity of the battle, intimated that the young Prince had had as much as was good for him of this kind of thing; besides which, the spectacle of a Prince of democratic Sweden revolving in the plutocratic whirlpool of Newport might not please his compatriots' eyes. So the Prince tore himself away, having first refused, with manful persistence, an invitation to join a bathing-party on Bailey's Beach, for which the waves, in anticipation, had, it is reported, been plentifully sprinkled with gallons of Eau de Cologne.

* * *

The New Thaw Campaign

By the way, while on the uninspiring subject of the millionaire set of America, I understand that the

Photo *Boissonas and Eggler*

Prince William of Sweden and his fiancée, the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna

The Prince's visit to Newport, R.I.—the Mecca of the Four Hundred—occasioned quite an exciting tug-of-war between rival "sets" for the privilege of entertaining him. The result was (1) Vanderbilts, (2) Stuyvesant Fishes. Also ran: Harrimans, Goelets, Ogden Millses, and Havemeyers

Photo *Thomson*

H.H. Princess Alexander of Teck

Who gave birth to a son at Claremont, Esher, on the 25th ultimo. The Princess is a daughter of the Duchess of Albany

arrangements for the second Thaw trial, which not long ago "stank morning by morning in the columns of the daily Press," are all but completed. The insanity plea is in great measure to take the place of the "Unwritten Law" justification, and, meanwhile, the murdered man's widow, Mrs. Stanford White, has postponed for a time the marriage with her late husband's partner which she so delicately announced so soon after the murder, and which was to have taken place in London this month. Yet further "millionaire intelligence" is that the widow of Mr. Yerkes, the lady who married a Mr. Mizner less than a month after her first husband's death, has been granted a divorce, having lived with the gentleman for less than a fortnight. She is permitted to marry again and to resume the name of Yerkes, which her first husband made famous by his great traction deals in London, New York, and Chicago. Verily, it is a beautiful, clean, wholesome land—America.

* * *

The Season at the Spas

The German Spas are, of course, reaping a rich harvest of visitors. Homburg, just now as full as it has ever been, as well as Marienbad, has its cure-seeking King—to wit, his smiling and ingratiating Majesty of Siam, intent on ridding his system of the by-products of Paris junketings. By happy fortune, the little monarch made his first bow to the Homburg public on a Friday Gala night, when the Kurhaus Gardens and Park were impressively illuminated with true Teuton magnificence. All Frankfort had come over to swell the gay crowd of fashionable promenaders, and the popular hotels, including the sylvan-situated Bellevue, over whose cuisine a town councillor presides, did the best business of the season. About nine o'clock the Kur Direction sprung a little surprise on the King and the people: they displayed the gigantic form of

German Lawn-Tennis "Ashes" Regained

an elephant picked out in lines of fire—the national symbol of Siam. For the time being Wagner was hushed, and Herr Iwan Schulz's famous orchestra rendered the Siamese national anthem, during which a brown-coated figure stood up to bow its acknowledgments, and the stolid German tourists strained their necks and their throats.

* * *

A King Catches the Lawn-Tennis Fever

Like everybody else, the King of Siam caught the lawn-tennis fever during his sojourn at Bad Homburg, and on the second day of his visit he was down in the courts, an interested but rather puzzled spectator of the International Tournament. His sons play a little, but they have none of the vigorous skill which characterises Prince Eitel Frederick, who, with his wife, is sojourning at the Kaiser Schloss. Prince Eitel, a buoyant, versatile young man, is immensely popular with the middle classes, chiefly because he deigns to play lawn-tennis before the public gaze, and walks the streets and patronises the shops like an ordinary mortal. The second son of the Kaiser has not the academic leanings of his elder brother, but he is more practical, and, forsooth, more democratic. In striking contrast to this high-spirited Prince is the lonely, self-centred Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, a taciturn *habitué* of Homburg, holding rigidly aloof from conventional habits. Clad in a suit of broadcloth, a brown bowler slightly cocked over his furrowed brow, a long cigarette-holder beneath it, and beside him an asthmatic poodle (incongruous guardian of this self-exiled Prince), the Grand Duke does not dine on the flower-decked terrace, nor does he join in the cotillions at Ritter's. I must not forget to add that the veteran Earl of Halsbury, freed at last from the task of publicly condemning a Radical Government's iniquities, is busy taking the cure, with the Countess, at the Elizabethan spring. Also that Herr Oscar Froitzheim is the lawn-tennis hero of the hour, having come on from Hamburg with the spoils of victory in the German Championship. For ten years this event was won by a foreigner—twice by a Frenchman and eight times by an Englishman. At last the spell has been broken; England has been routed in the final, and the Fatherland has held its own on its native soil.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Lawn Tennis in Germany: Oscar Froitzheim

Winner of the German Championship at Hamburg. Playing at Homburg, later, he defeated Ritchie, the English player

Ourselves and the Esperantists

Two or three Esperanto enthusiasts have politely challenged my opinions of last week on the value of the "lingvo." They seem to regard my "scathing criticism" as the fruits of mere first impressions, and cherish the hope that in the course of time, together with Lord Roberts, Professor Oscar Browning, and other admirable gentlemen, I may become an enthusiast too. I am reminded also that Japan, Germany, and the United States are positively steeped in the language, and I am reproved for encouraging Englishmen for their attitude of apathy. Well, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the proof of a universal language will, I suppose, be in the speaking. Posterity may prove me to be a narrow-minded bigot, and compel me to eat my words, though I fear it will have some difficulty in getting me to translate them into Esperanto. In the meantime, however, I respectfully maintain that a language minus a literature can never become universal. As a code between diverse foreigners anxious, for various reasons, to understand each other, I dare say Esperanto is as good as any other that has been improvised. A language, however, requires to be something else than a mere convenience.

* * *

A Lesson for Socialists

The pictures on the opposite page will give, perhaps, as striking an idea as possible of the two sides to the question of Socialism. Our agitators are very fond of crying, "Down with capital," and as yet capital has been very slow to make a retort. When it is made, however, it happens to be particularly stinging. The reason of the transfer of the Yarrow Works from the Thames to the Clyde is a striking one. Messrs. Yarrow's Works are at present in the parish of Poplar. As everyone knows, Poplar is synonymous with municipal extravagance—otherwise Socialism. Owing to the enormous rates in that district, the Yarrows have found the burden unbearable. By the transfer to the Clyde, their work can be done at from 10 to 12 per cent. less than on the Thames, the result very largely of high rates. Should Socialism make any further headway in the Metropolis, we may expect to see many other vast industrial enterprises betake themselves either to the North of England or out of the country altogether, with results which it is not pleasant to contemplate.

TWO SIDES OF SOCIALISM

(1) Down With Capital!

SOCIALISTS ARRIVE IN LONDON

Mr. Jack Williams Mr. Quelch Mr. Will Thorne

Mr. Quelch, expelled from Stüttgart, arrives in London, accompanied by Mr. Jack Williams and comrades. (The extent to which Socialistic propaganda appeals to the juvenile mind is fairly evident from the faces of the followers in the back and sideground)

(2) Capital Comes Down

YARROW'S DEPART FROM LONDON

Photos] **The Fitting Shop at Messrs. Yarrow's Works at Millwall** *[Topical*

Yarrow's, tired of the exorbitant rates of East London, and also of the unsatisfactory working of the Socialistic London labourer, are, at the end of the next twelvemonth, transferring their works to the Clyde, where the industry can be carried on from 10 to 12 per cent. less than on the Thames

Photo *Whyte*

The Mackintosh of Mackintosh

One of the best-known Scottish shots. He is now entertaining the Prince of Wales at Moy Hall

Partridge Shooting Prospects

SOME FAMOUS SHOTS

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Earl de Grey

A sportsman whose prowess as a shot has been famous for nearly a quarter of a century

Poor Partridge Prospects

Comment was made in the last issue of THE BYSTANDER on the unfavourable prospects of partridge shooting, and I am afraid that further and later reports which are to hand do not tend to improve the outlook. In the ordinary way the present week would see the beginning of the season, but on scores of manors shooting will not start until towards the end of September. Actually, one sees it stated in all seriousness that, on some estates, owners and tenants have made up their minds not to touch the partridges this season, so wretchedly poor is the crop. Let me quote a few reports: "Hundreds of partridges drowned"; "Practically no birds"; "Scarcely a young bird on the arable land, and the coveys on grass very small"; "Coveys of old birds without a young one to be seen"; "Weather terrible during hatching-time." That is a chilling selection taken at random from a doleful budget from different parts of the country, so it is obvious that partridge-shooters will be very lucky if they get average bags this year. From the borders of Hampshire and Wiltshire, and from the East Bergholt district in Suffolk, the news is fairly bright; but, for the most part, expectations do not run high on the fine partridge-rearing grounds of East Anglia. The Newmarket district, where such splendid shooting is usually enjoyed, is, this season, especially badly off for birds.

Some Famous Game Shots

It is delightful to watch a really good game shot at work. Whether at the grouse butt, the partridge fence, or the pheasant stand, his smooth shooting, always marked by quickness without hurry, by a swift, swinging aim without jerkiness, by a fine combination of brain, eye, and trigger action, is unfailingly fascinating to anyone in a position to enjoy the sight. The Prince of Wales has the reputation of being one of the best and quickest performers with the gun, always ready, moreover, to face rough weather, and to join, if need be, in the draw for places with the rest of the party. His Royal Highness's shooting feats have not been

Lord Savile Shooting at his Grouse Butts on Walsham Moor

Photo Elliott and Fry

Lord Walsingham

A veteran sportsman, who has for fifteen years enjoyed the reputation of being one of our best shots

confined to England, for he did remarkably well with wild duck in Canada, and is a good shot all round. If shooting people were asked to name the best shots of the present time, the majority of them would certainly include Lord de Grey and Lord Walsingham, and this in spite of the fact that fifteen years ago or more these sportsmen enjoyed the same reputation. It is remarkable how well they have retained their form. The story has been told that in covert shooting Lord de Grey and Lord Walsingham were walking together on their way to a fresh beat, when suddenly a covey of eight partridges passed over the covert. Guns were up in a moment, and, in spite of the trees all around, each marksman brought down four birds with as many barrels, thus accounting for the whole covey. Both are marvellously good with high rocketing pheasants, which surely present the hardest shot of all, especially when coming towards you with motionless wings.

Other Brilliant Performers

With partridges nobody enjoys a greater reputation than Mr. F. E. R. Fryer, of Bury Hill, Woodbridge, who, like the sportsmen just mentioned, has been seen to kill four partridges out of one covey. A marvellously accurate shot, with quite a perfect style, is Lord Ashburton, at whose magnificent preserves at The Grange, Alresford, in Hampshire, great sport is enjoyed every year. His friend, Lord Carnarvon, whose wide-spreading demesne at Highclere also furnishes the best of shooting, takes a lot of beating at winged and ground game; while Princes Frederick and Victor Dhuleep Singh, who sometimes shoot at Highclere and The Grange, are both wonderfully good. The Hon. Harry Stonor, who was with the Bolton Abbey party at the time of the visit of the Prince of Wales last month, is unquestionably another of the finest of contemporary shots. The best day's pheasant-shooting he has ever seen was a year or two back with Lord Nunburnholme's party at the famous Warter Priory. There is nobody to beat Mr. R. Rimington Wilson at grouse, and Mr. Heatley Noble is one of the best at soaring pheasants, at which, too, Mr. L. V. Harcourt is no mean performer. Perhaps the surest left-handed shot is Lord Westbury, while Lord Savile is very consistent. It would be impossible to name within the space now available all the men who rank with the people already mentioned as fine game shots, though The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Mr. Reginald Hargreaves, Lord Warwick, and Mr. A. W. Blyth certainly ought to be included in the select band.

A. W. C.

Mr. R. Rimington Wilson

One of the greatest of living grouse shots—in fact, an "unsurpassable"

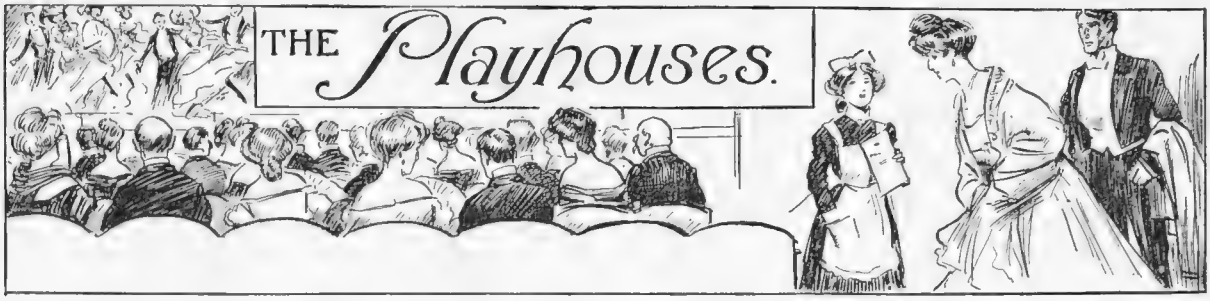
To Russia by Balloon

In the course of a week or so London is to witness an attempt, under the auspices of the *Daily Graphic*, to break the world's ballooning long-distance record. Mr. A. E. Gaudron, the well-known professional aeronaut, will be captain, and Mr. J. L. Tannar, the proprietor of the balloon, and Mr. Charles C. Turner, representing the *Daily Graphic*, will make up the crew. The balloon is the largest ever made in England for free ascents. It was, we believe, exceeded in size by a large captive balloon used during one of the great Exhibitions. The aeronauts will wait for a strong Westerly wind, upon which they hope to be borne far into Russia, breaking the record, which is 1,200 miles, so far as authentic records go. The holder of the record is the Comte de la Vaulx. An American record of 1,500 miles is not regarded as authentic. As the balloon is capable of staying up about four days, there is every prospect of this adventure proving successful. The precautions being taken by the travellers against every possible danger, and the provisioning of the car, are matters of considerable interest to balloonists. Many new appliances and instruments are to be used.

The Hon. Harry Stonor

One of the finest of contemporary shots

THE LATEST MUSICAL COMEDY, AS SEEN BY OUR IMPRESSIONABLE ARTIST, MR. J. THORPE



APOLLO THEATRE

"The Three Kisses"

Mr. Frank Curzon has skated round a difficulty. For long the use of the word "comedy" in connection with the go-as-you-please, irresponsible shows, with musical interludes, has called up smiles. Comedy, it is generally understood, bears some relation to life. It may be said to be a presentation of life in two aspects —its smiles and its tears. Now, one who modelled his life upon the doings of any one character in a musical comedy would find himself the guest of the State in an asylum or prison, according to his luck. Hence musical comedy is a misnomer. Mr. Frank Curzon, after this, if not because of this, labels *The Three Kisses* a musical production. There is a subtle touch in this generalisation. Every entertainment, from a Pierrot sketch to Shakespeare at His Majesty's, is a production. So Mr. Curzon in his nomenclature is entirely on the safe side.

The new production needs a deal of pulling together. The weak spot, as usual, is the "book." The librettist neither amuses nor charms. He has not given the cast sufficient material to work upon. Consequently, the majority of them fail to bring their talents across the footlights. A perfect stranger who witnessed *The Three Kisses* might gain the quite wrong impression that the cast was an indifferent one. Only by calling to mind the excellent work done by each member of the cast in the past does one arrive at the true state of affairs. An exception must be made of Mr. Willie Warde. To him the task of making bricks without straw appears a simple one. He is riotously funny in the rôle of a meek-natured old gentleman assuming the dashing air of a "blood." Of Mr. Walter Passmore, Mr. Albert Le Fre, Miss Ethel Irving, the same remark may be made. No one is given a chance.

The honours of the production lie with Mr. Howard Talbot. His score maintains a good level, and contains some really excellent numbers. Early in the production the composer comes in for applause for an octet, "The Oranges." E. C. S.

Photo *Chamberlin*

A North London Amateur Troupe

The Gresham Pierrots getting ideas from THE BYSTANDER

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

"A Little Japanese Girl"

Miss Pauline Chase is one of our daintiest actresses, and she is certainly one of our most popular, as was shown by her reception last Monday week at the Duke of York's Theatre. The occasion was the production of a little one-act tragedy, entitled *A Little Japanese Girl*, to precede *Brewster's Millions*, which are now being lavishly spent at this theatre. To Miss Chase has been allotted the rôle of the little Japanese girl, and she invests it with much charm. The story is briefly this. A little Japanese maiden is masquerading as the Princess, for whom she is taken by the Prince, the latter's lover. To avoid discovery she turns away her face. The Prince mistakes her motive. He thinks he must have unknowingly offended her, and appeals to her to acquaint him with the reason of her apparent coldness. The girl does not reply, and the Prince begins to think that she is in love with someone else, and again appeals to her to tell him the truth. The girl is still silent, and at last, seized with uncontrollable jealousy, he stabs her. The real Princess then appears on the scene, and the horrified Prince learns of his mistake too late, while the little Japanese girl dies in the arms of her own lover. Mr. Edward Sass, as the Prince, played his part with great strength, and was warmly applauded, as was Miss Jane May, who impersonated the Princess. But Miss Chase was called again and again. With the exception of the time when she played Peter Pan at Christmas, Miss Chase has always been cast for curtain-raisers at the Duke of York's. I would very much like to see her in a big part in a more important play. R. M

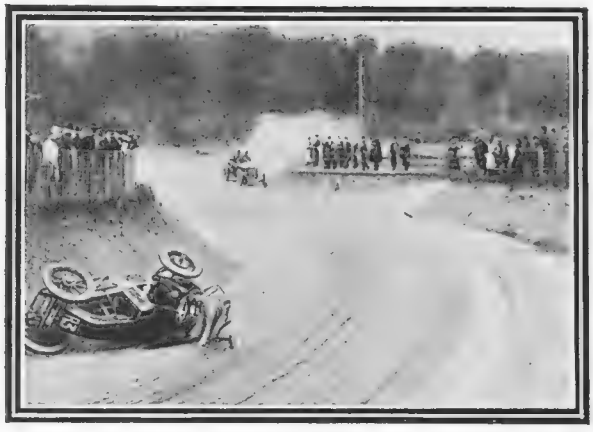
THE HICKS THEATRE

"The Hypocrites"

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has cultivated his "sense of the theatre" to some purpose. There is hardly a trick of the trade which he has not at his fingers' ends. He thinks—in "situations"; he writes—"situations." He is so entirely in the theatre and of the theatre that he has lost the precious gift of thinking and writing naturally. Mr. Jones, calmly ignoring new movements, new ideas, the emancipation of the playgoer, insists upon remaining mid-Victorian. While the world progresses, he refuses to budge. To-day he stands upon the level of Sardou at his worst. M. Sardou cultivated the theatrical sense; he caused incriminating papers and handkerchiefs to be dropped about the stage, until the sight of anyone carrying papers or handkerchiefs caused the irreverent to giggle in anticipation of events.

Too Many Tricks

Mr. Jones, like M. Sardou, employs his tricks so constantly that one begins to see through the trickery. For three hours he tells us the old story, in the old



Motor Accidents by Bioscope

The above is an enlargement from a portion of the bioscope film now being shown nightly at the Palace Theatre. It depicts an accident to a car in the "Grand Prix" at Dieppe. The photograph was taken by the Pathé Company, Paris

(By kind permission of Mr. Alfred Butt)

stage manner, of a young girl who, betrayed by the Squire's son, returns to find her lover engaged to be married. The young girl—Rachel Neve—as soon as she realises that the truth will ruin her lover, at once takes refuge in a lie. She declares that Lennard Wilmore is not the man. But the hero of the play, a pale and earnest young curate—Edgar Linnell—knows the truth. It is his purpose to bring the young man to book. In order to make this story as telling as possible, Mr. Jones has arranged a *coup de théâtre*. Scenes between the different characters in the unrolling of the story are not effective enough for the author, so he artfully arranges (for the benefit of the audience chiefly) a solemn Court of Inquiry into the affair. The President of the Court is Sir John Plugenet, Bart., of Plugenet Court. The prosecuting counsel is Mr. Viveash, lawyer and estate agent. The chief witness for the prosecution (of the curate, be it understood) is Mrs. Wilmore. This fond mamma gets up the case with great skill. She has primed the girl, Rachel Neve, with the story she is to tell. It is arranged that the Court shall sit at twelve o'clock. Everybody who could possibly give evidence is subpœnaed, and to make the situation as theatrically effective as it could possibly be, Mr. Jones even introduces a few of the minor characters in the play to form the audience. Against this array of witnesses the Rev. Edgar Linnell is at first powerless. The President of the Court actually shakes his head at the ridiculous nature of the young curate's case. He reproves him for slandering the fair name of Lennard Wilmore. The case against the curate is almost proved, and the Court is about to break up, when the prisoner suddenly calls upon Rachel Neve to give evidence. The prosecuting party are rather afraid of this turn in the tide of affairs, but they cling to the hope that the girl will have nerve enough to stick to the story with which she has been primed. She enters pale and tottering—a sprained ankle is a little touch introduced by the dramatist in order still further to excite our sympathy. She tells the story—the curate buries his head in his hands—he has lost his case—but no! Springing up, he rushes to the back of the stage and turns furiously upon the whole of the company. He calls them liars and hypocrites, and says there is a rat poisoning the whole household. It is a tremendous speech, and a tremendous situation. Mr. Jones has worked very very hard to create the situation, and he deserves the applause which it evokes. At this sudden outburst, young Lennard Wilmore breaks down; he clasps Rachel Neve in his arms—he will marry her and save her from ruin.

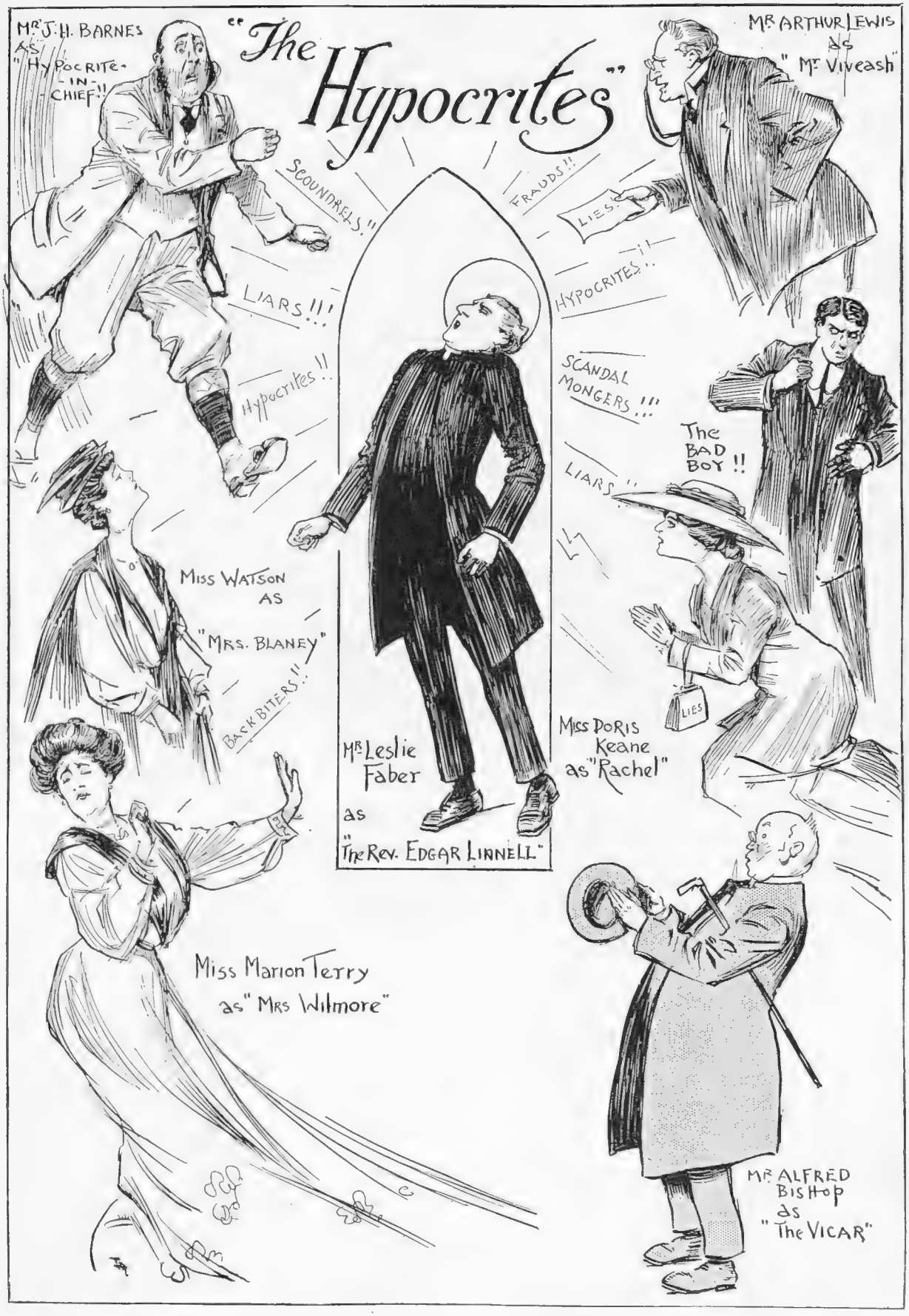
The fourth act is taken up with the conversion to a right way of thinking and acting of the doting Mrs. Wilmore. Here again the curate succeeds, and the young couple take their departure for India with the blessings of Mrs. Wilmore upon their heads.

Highly Coloured Melodrama

This is the main theme of a highly coloured melodramatic story. The Hypocrites are too theatrical to arouse any interest in their states of mind. The players enter thoroughly into the spirit of the play. Like the dramatist, they are effective at the expense of being natural. They drive all their points home. Mr. J. H. Barnes is heavy and forceful as the hypocritical Mr. Wilmore, who is always talking about his principles and his code of sound morality. Mr. Arthur Lewis snaps his fingers to emphasise the effectiveness of Mr. Viveash, the lawyer. Miss Marion Terry gave a forcible, I had almost written a forced, interpretation of her part. She seemed to be straining after an effect which she did not succeed quite in reaching. Rachel Neve will be better played by the young American actress, Miss Doris Keane, when she becomes less nervous. She had one exit which should certainly be omitted. She rushes from a room with a movement which can only be described as partly a wriggle, partly a fly, and partly a run. It is supposed to be highly effective, but it is merely ridiculous. Mr. Leslie Faber carried off the acting honours; he was quiet and restrained. This method made an excellent contrast to the methods of the other players.

E. C. S.

At the Hicks Theatre



BY NORMAN MORROW

CONTINENTAL CHAT

THE KING AT MARIENBAD

An Unsuccessful Season

Socially, the season in Marienbad has not been a success. I have looked in vain for interesting people to write about; this year they seem conspicuous by their absence. It is no longer good form, I am told, to visit Marienbad when the King is here; but probably the real explanation lies in the fact that Parliament has not yet risen, and many regular "cure-guests," like the Marquis de Soveral, Baron de Schloezer, and others, are still kept at The Hague, and, I may add, there is every likelihood of their remaining there till long after the season is over. The newspaper correspondents —who, last year, were embarrassed as to which names among the many should grace their columns —have this year been glad to fall back upon writers, actors, and Americans, who never had so much publicity in their lives. Probably the only person here who is glad rather than sorry for this is the King, who has come here to diet and live in the open air, and not to feel himself obliged to give tiresome luncheons and dinners to distinguished visitors. The "lion" before the King's arrival was Mr. Beerbohm Tree, whose every movement has been chronicled as if he were the King himself. Mr. Charles Hawtrey is another celebrity who has attracted much attention.

Photo *Topical Agency*

His Majesty and a Party of Friends Drinking the Waters at Marienbad

The Wonderful Air of the Place

Whether the waters here are good, bad, or indifferent matters little, for the larger proportion of the visitors do not take them at all. The lovely fresh air is in itself an immense attraction. There is none in Europe like it. From whatever side it blows it comes over forests and hills, and arrives filtered and fresh and delicious as water from a mountain spring. It is certainly not the air which reduces the evil for which people go to Marienbad, and but for it the "cure" would be too violent. The more pity it is, then, to see this chosen little spot desecrated by such a vulgar element as this year crowds its beautiful promenades. If this continues it will gradually reduce Marienbad to the level of other popular health resorts. I know people who would forego half the pleasures of forty-nine weeks of the year if they could be sure of three weeks in Marienbad, and they can be counted on with the regularity of the King himself.

The King as a Commercial Asset

The King's visit, in fact, has become a sort of municipal asset. Till his rooms are taken at the Weimar the hotel-keepers are in a state of anxiety. As soon as the news becomes official, immediately the fact is blazed forth to the world, applications for accommodation flow in, and prices go up with equal rapidity. You get good value, however, for your money in Marienbad; the inhabitants do their best to please everybody, and during the King's visit make great sacrifices in the way of amusements. A first-rate opera company is here at present.

The hotel where the King is staying is by no means a big one; there are, I should say, only about seventy rooms in all, and the whole of the first floor is occupied by King Edward. It takes its name partly from one of the Grand Dukes of Weimar, who often stayed there, and from Goethe, who lived the greater part of his life at Weimar and who was also a frequent visitor. The King takes most of his meals on the balcony, and the indiscreet crowd, who have this year been more than usually indiscreet, will loiter about for hours in order to have a peep at this feast. All that they can see is the top of a row of heads, but that is enough for them, poor things!

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NORMAN MORROW'S MUSINGS AT THE "QUEEN OF WATERING-PLACES"

Otter-Hunting as a

Photos

The Master Locates the Otter in the Rushes

Out with Mr. Clay's Hounds: The End o

Otter-hunting as a summer sport is steadily growing in popularity, and over twenty packs are now followed by large fields during the season. Particularly good sport is enjoyed on the Devonshire streams, where otters are as plentiful as in the days of those famous hunters, Mr. Lomax and Mr. Collier. The time for otter-hunting extends over a period of five months, from

s a Summer Sport

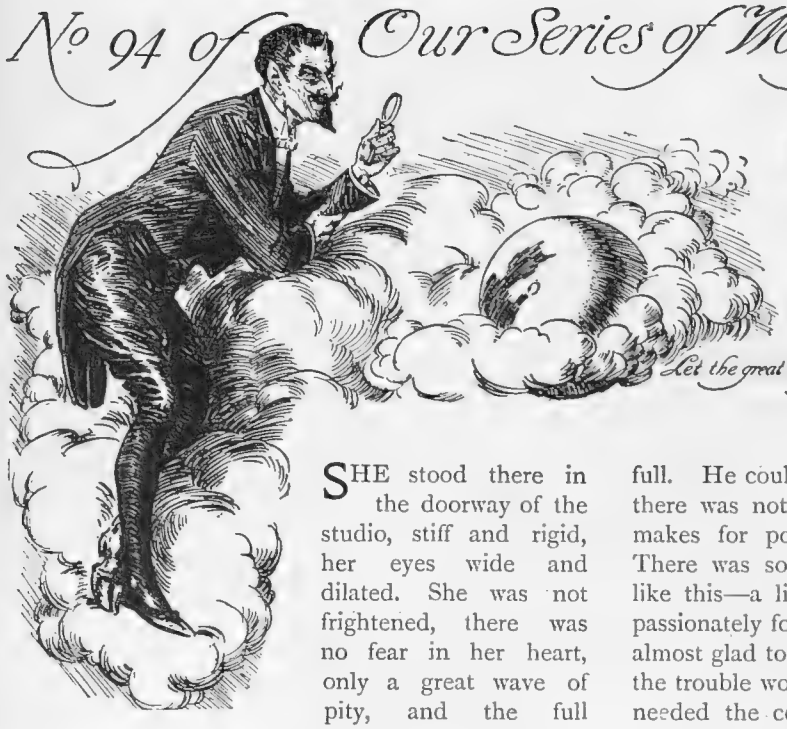
Dixon

nd of a Dog-Otter after a Stirring Hunt

the middle of April to the middle of September. One of the best packs is Mr. Hastings Clay's, whose exploits at St. Albans Road are depicted above. There are twelve couples of hounds, and they hunt, as a rule, in the waters of Monmouthshire, Glamorganshire, Herefordshire, and parts of Gloucestershire.

The Last Scuffle on the Banks of the Stream

No. 94 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



The Woman and Her Way

By FRED M. WHITE

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

SHE stood there in the doorway of the studio, stiff and rigid, her eyes wide and dilated. She was not frightened, there was no fear in her heart, only a great wave of pity, and the full force of a terrible shock. There was no reason for Hilda Napier to ask herself what was the matter with the man standing there swaying gently backwards and forwards with an inane smile upon his face. She knew, only too well, what was wrong, she knew the symptoms, for, in the unhappy past, had not her own father . . . ?

But that did not even bear thinking about. The trouble of the moment was sufficient for that. Unless she acted swiftly there was something before Ronald Maclaren like exposure and disgrace. And the worst of it was, the girl had no time to think, no time to diplomatise, or lie. As she told herself bitterly enough, she would have to take the thing in her own hands and decide on the spur of the moment. And yet, with all the loathing and revulsion that filled her heart, there was a sense of pain and shame and unhappiness there which puzzled the girl, and at the same time alarmed her.

She did not care for Ronald Maclaren. Oh, no, she was quite sure of that! She never had cared for him in that way. They had been brought up together practically from their childhood. She had seen the clever, fascinating boy grow into the handsome, popular man. In a way she had been proud of his artistic success. And people had taken it for granted that sooner or later these two would become man and wife; but Hilda merely smiled, with no sense of embarrassment whatever. There was another man, too, but few people thought of him in connection with the girl, and besides, her life was to all intents and purposes bound up in her invalid brother, Harold, and his hopes and fears. Harold Napier was an artist, too, a passionate lover of his work, but he was a weakling, and Hilda knew perfectly well that there was no long life full of honour and glory before him. Clever as he was, he lacked that spark of genius which Ronald Maclaren possessed to the full. He could copy and imitate, nobody better, but there was not in him that vein of originality which makes for posterity and the applause of nations. There was something pitiful, almost tragic, in a life like this—a life which is doomed to failure. And passionately fond of the boy as Hilda was, she was almost glad to know that, so far as he was concerned, the trouble would soon be over. Meanwhile, Harold needed the country, and Hilda was supporting him by her pen as best she could. It was terribly hard work, for she, too, lacked that divine spark that makes all the difference between mediocrity and talent.

She was wondering why she should have all these things so vividly before her mind at such a moment; she was wondering why she should feel a palpitating, breathing interest in Ronald Maclaren just at the time when she had discovered his guilty secret. Perhaps, to a certain extent, the maternal instinct was aroused in her; perhaps she had a desire to save him from himself.

The strength came back to her limbs now. She was full of hope and courage. She crossed the room and laid her hand almost tenderly upon Maclaren's shoulder. He hardly seemed to be conscious of her presence. He turned upon her an eye horribly bleared and vacant, and, as a rule, he had such fine, clear blue eyes, too.

"What do you want?" he stammered. "What are you doing here?"

His tone was sullen. Just for an instant a touch of shame burnt on his cheek. He seemed to realise the full meaning of Hilda's discovery.

"Not so loud," the girl whispered, "not so loud. Try and realise your position. Try and understand for a moment what is going on. Do you know that the Baroness is downstairs waiting to see you? But you mustn't see her, you must let me make some excuse. It is impossible for you to meet just now."

"And why not?" Maclaren asked sullenly.

The girl met a defiant gaze bravely enough.

"Because you are not sober," she said. "Because you are drunk at this time of the morning! Oh, I know that my words sound harsh and brutal, but this is no time for mincing matters, and I know what I am talking about. For five shameful years I saw my poor father day after day in the same state you are in now. I did my best to hide my knowledge from the world,

(Continued on page 498)

(All rights strictly reserved)

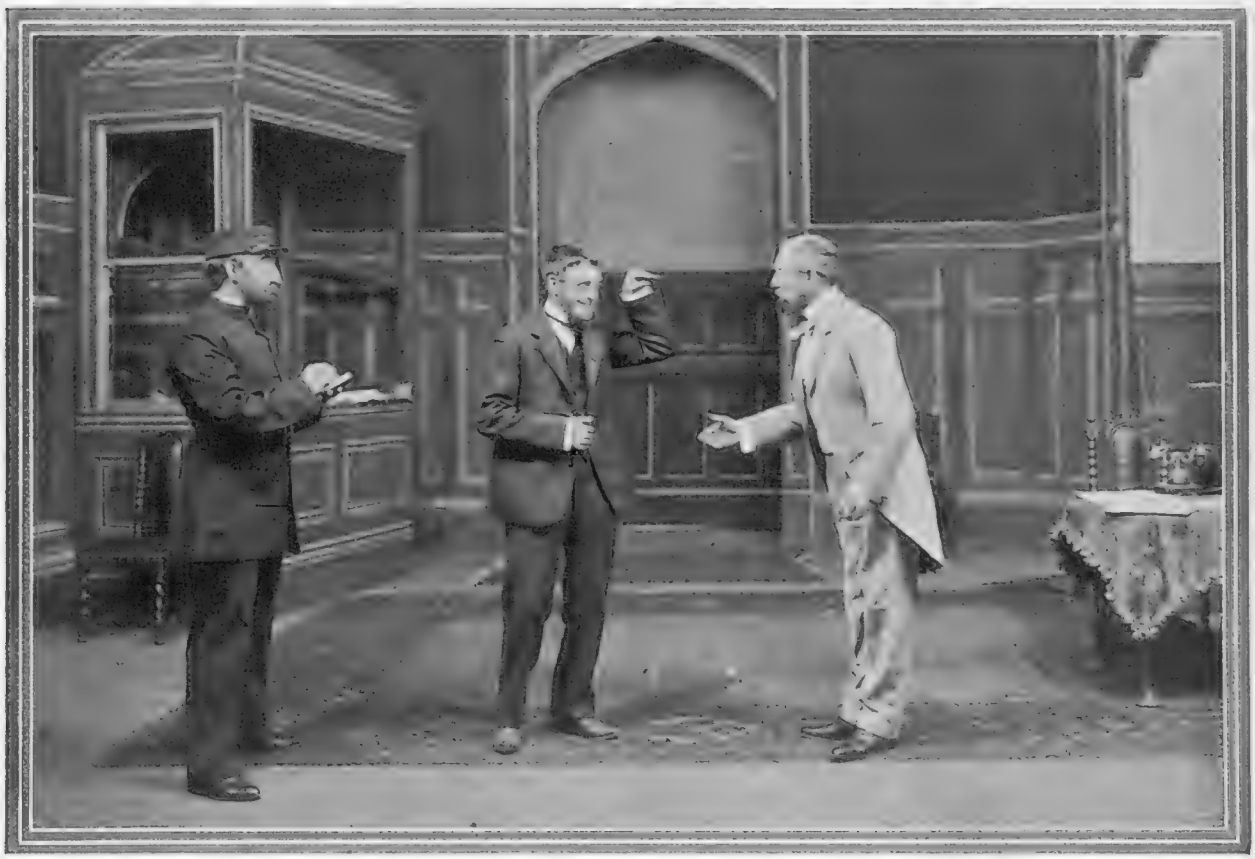
"French as He is Spoke"

Miss Kate Harwood (*Hotel Manageress*) Mr. Ernest Mainwaring (*Charlie Lingard*) Miss Madge Titherage (*Rosine*)

"Shall I say Mr. and *Mrs.* Griffiths?"

Mr. Cyril Maude (*Peter*)

PETER: "If you speak French to me, I shall refuse to understand"



Photos] Mr. John Harwood (*Police Inspector*) Mr. Cyril Maude (*Peter*) Mr. D. G. McCarthy (*Mons. Villiers*) [*Dover Street Studios*

PETER: "Shut it!"

The Amusing New Curtain-raiser at The Playhouse

The Earl of Pawtucket is now preceded by an amusing curtain-raiser, *French as He is Spoke*, being a clever adaptation of M. Tristan Bernard's *L'Anglaise tel qu'on le parle*. An eloping couple, Charlie Lingard and Rosine Villiers, are pursued to London by the lady's father, M. Villiers, an irascible Frenchman who cannot speak English. When he arrives at their hotel, however, he finds the birds have flown. The main incidents of the play turn on the scenes created by the excitable old Frenchman and Peter, who, in the absence of the interpreter, is pressed into service, though knowing no word of any language but his own

(*Continued from page 496*)

but they were five degrading years to me, and their mark will be on me to the end. I am not mistaken. I know the signs too well. If my father had only fought against that weakness of his, he would have been alive to-day, happy and successful. But I knew from the very first that all my misery and degradation would be wasted. I did not think that the same curse was yours; indeed, I don't believe it is. This has been a great shock to me, but I shall be glad enough if I am in time. Now I know why men shrug their shoulders when they speak of you; now I know why your commissions are neglected, and why you fail to carry out your promise. Oh, what a dreadful thing it is to think that you, who might be the most famous portrait painter in the world, should be drifting to destruction in this fashion. Do you understand me? Do you follow what I say? Do you know that if you see the Baroness now you might as well throw yourself over London Bridge? The woman is rich and powerful. She can be of the greatest service to you, but she is a born gossip, and if she sees you now, your career is finished."

Maclaren nodded his head solemnly. He had just enough sense left to recognise the hard common-sense behind Hilda's stinging words. He was ashamed of himself, a little annoyed and angry, and at the same time full of a sort of lassitude, misty and confused though it was.

"The portrait is nearly finished," he muttered; "at any rate, it is half done. I think I will see the woman. I can manage to finish the picture without any further sittings. Go down and tell her that I said so. What do you mean by talking to me like this? What do you mean by coming here interfering with me in this fashion? Oh, if you only knew——"

The man's manner changed suddenly, the truculent tone in his voice vanished. He bent his head between his hands and groaned dismally. Then, as he looked up once more, there was a glare in his eyes that filled Hilda with apprehension. She ought to have been frightened; she ought to have rushed to the bell and rung for assistance, but she stood her ground firmly enough, though her heart was beating thick and fast now. She knew—she had been all through these degrading scenes before—she knew every note in the drunkard's gamut, from the deepest depths of despair to the wildest flight of madness, and she was in the presence of the latter emotion now. How long had this been going on, she wondered? Why, the man was on the verge of delirium tremens. There was no time to lose, no moment to waste, unless the scandal were allowed to break out into a full blaze of exposure.

Hilda crossed the room swiftly. She closed the door behind her and locked it. Then she went quietly down into the little drawing-room below, where the Baroness D'Orsay awaited Maclaren's coming. The pretty Society leader looked up with some suggestion of impatience on her face as Hilda entered. She was beautifully dressed in the prevailing foreign fashion. She wore a certain amount of jewellery, early though it was in the morning.

"Mr. Maclaren," she said. "Where is he? Positively he has been keeping me waiting. And he knows how valuable my time is, too. He knows that I have no moment to spare. Ah, these artists, how they spoil them, to be sure. And you?"

There was insolence in the question, almost an insult in the uplifted eyebrows. But Hilda was passive enough.

"I am Mr. Maclaren's secretary," she said. "He greatly regrets that he cannot see you this morning. He is seriously unwell. He would have written to you and told you so, but he did not want to disappoint you, and he hoped, by the time you arrived, that he would be himself again. He asked me to say that the portrait is sufficiently advanced now for him to be able to free you from the inconvenience of any sittings."

The Baroness permitted herself to smile.

"That is good hearing," she said. "Between ourselves, I was getting very tired of all these sittings. But my husband, he would have it that no lady's social career is finished till she sees herself in your Royal Academy. So long as Mr. Maclaren's portrait is completed in time there is no more to be said. You will give him my condolences, please. Tell him that I hope to see him next Friday as usual, and tell him also that it is a dangerous thing for a susceptible young man to have about him so charming and beautiful a secretary as yourself."

The Baroness rose and smiled the engaging smile which had been the subject of so many florid Society paragraphs. She pinched Hilda's cheek with her daintily gloved hand and glided out of the room, leaving an atmosphere of perfumes behind her. Just for a moment Hilda stood there almost breathlessly, like a swimmer who has fought his way alone against the danger of a strong ebb tide. The catastrophe was averted for the moment, and now that the new danger was past, womanlike, Hilda stood there trembling. She stooped down, mechanically, and picked up a glittering stone, which she held to the light between her thumb and forefinger. She told herself in the same dazed way that here was a diamond which had probably escaped from its setting from one of the Baroness's ornaments. Hilda was some little judge of such things. She knew that the glittering trifle in her hand was worth a matter of some hundreds of pounds. She put it carefully away in her purse. There would be time enough to restore it to its owner later on. Meanwhile, she could hear the tramp of feet overhead, she could catch snatches of song and strange, wild laughter. It brought back vividly enough the recollection of the bygone days, when she had sat up night after night with her own father in a vague, fruitless endeavour to keep the knowledge of his weakness from the world and restore him to his proper place again. She sat down now, and with trembling fingers wrote a note which she despatched by the son of Maclaren's housekeeper.

It was an hour or more before a reply came in the person of Dr. James Hayward. He, too, was an old friend of Hilda's. He had known Maclaren from his schooldays. His eyes lighted up as they fell upon the troubled face of the girl. The warmth of his hand-clasp might have told her something at another time.

"What is it?" he asked, quietly. "What can I do for you? And why are you here in Maclaren's house?"

(*Continued on page 500*)

A Royal (BUT MODEST) Scottish Seat

Photo] **Abergeldie Castle, where the Princess of Wales is now in residence with her children** [*Valentine*

Though of great interest historically, Abergeldie Castle is absurdly inadequate as the Scottish seat of the Heir-Apparent. Despite its manifold inconveniences, however, the Princess and her children are much attached to the place. Situated on the banks of the Dee, about four miles from Balmoral, the Castle was purchased by the Prince Consort in 1848, and it was here that the Empress Eugénie spent some time after the tragic death of the Prince Imperial

(*Continued from page 498*)

Hilda proceeded to explain. She was brave and steadfast enough now. She went straight to the point without wasting unnecessary words. She was interested in the man upstairs. At any cost he must be saved. Everything depended upon his ability to finish the Baroness's portrait in time for the Academy.

"I'll do my best," Hayward said, gently. "But it is all a matter of time. Go home and leave it all to me. As far as Maclaren is concerned, he will have to put himself under restraint. That is the only condition I make."

. . . . .

With a certain feeling of agitation, Maclaren strode into his club. As a rule he did not suffer from reticence. He was too frankly pleased with himself for that. But now a certain sense of shame held him back. He was wondering if the fellows inside knew. Had they any idea where he had been for the last six weeks? Did they know that he had been removed from his own house yelling and screaming, and that for the best part of three weeks he had been lying at death's door, his existence despaired of, and his life restored to him by the unremitting care of James Hayward? Were they aware how day by day he had fought the demon that possessed him till at last he rose one morning clear and free, with a moist, cool skin, and a resolution that never again would he touch a drop of insidious liquor as long as he lived? Did they know, for instance, that for a fortnight past he had been tramping over hill and dale, and that he had come back at length with a clear eye and a bronze of perfect health upon his cheek?

In a vague, uncertain fashion, he could recall now the day that Hilda Napier had found him, how she had saved him from a terrible scandal, and how she had delivered him into Hayward's hands. He would have to go and see her to-morrow, he would have to do his best to wipe out the effect of his conduct.

And he would have to make a fresh start in life, too. He knew that the Baroness D'Orsay would never forgive him disappointing her vanity. He knew that she would be certain to talk. And after all, it didn't very much matter. It was part of his penance, and he must suffer accordingly.

He walked from the smoking-room of the club with a little more swagger than usual. He found himself greeted by a score of acquaintances with a desire to know where he had been lately, and why he was looking so well. He held his tongue and smiled discreetly. Was it possible that these men knew anything?

"Been in the country, haven't you?" asked Hartley of the *Daily Telephone*, one of the greatest gossips in London. "I heard that you had taken a cottage in the wilds of Wales so as to be away from temptation till you had finished the Baroness D'Orsay's portrait."

"I have been in Wales," Maclaren said, discreetly.

"Very wise of you," another man murmured. "You look the picture of health. Why you artists hang about London when you can do so much better in the country beats me. Take Maclaren's case in point. I won't say he hasn't done good work in town, but the Baroness's portrait is a work of absolute genius. I suppose you know people are talking about nothing else. It is the picture of the Academy this year. The critics are quite unanimous, and justly so. Let me congratulate you, my dear boy."

Maclaren sat there smiling and saying nothing. At the same time, he was more or less dumb with astonishment. He knew the ways of these men; he knew they were not chaffing him now. There was a sincerity about the most flippant of them which there was no mistaking. He wondered if he were dreaming, or if this were not some figment of imagination conjured up out of his lurid past. He answered vaguely to the congratulations of his acquaintances. He strolled out presently and walked homeward with his thoughts in a whirl. He had seen no papers for the last month or so, and now he was consumed with a strong desire to get to the bottom of this mystery. There was no trouble in obtaining an Academy catalogue and the current issue of the *Pall Mall* picture guide. He knew also the exact dates of the big London dailies which would contain the Academy notices. With a bundle of these under his arm, he sat down in his studio to read.

Yes, they were here, right enough, prominent everywhere was a copy of the Baroness's portrait. There were half columns of glowing type given over to praise of perhaps the finest portrait which had appeared on the walls of Burlington House during the last decade. And when Maclaren came to look round the studio for the half-finished presentment of the smiling face, he saw that it was no longer there. The mystery was maddening. What could it possibly mean? Who had played this artistic joke upon him? And why? Who was the friend whose hand had finished that picture, the man who had saved his reputation for him and placed him upon a higher level of popularity than he had ever stood before?

Perhaps Hilda Napier could explain. She was certainly with him on that day when he disappeared from London. She had spoken in the kindliest and friendliest fashion. It was her hand which had been stretched out to him, her hand which had lifted him from the morass into which he had fallen. Perhaps she knew. But, then, she could never have finished the picture herself. There were not three living men who could have done it.

It was fairly early still, not quite eleven o'clock, about the hour when Hilda usually reached home after she was released from the drudgery of the daily paper upon which she was engaged.

She was not in when Maclaren reached her lodgings, but she was expected every moment, and he waited outside for her. She came at length—a pretty, pathetic, drooping figure, with an air of fatigue and weariness upon her which was not lost upon Maclaren. The streets were hot and close; most people were thinking about holidays now; their minds were full of the scent of the heather and the whiff of the salt sea breeze. And then it was suddenly borne in upon Maclaren that Hilda Napier had not had a holiday for the past four years. It came with a shock to him, too, that she was dressed entirely in black. As a rule, Hilda disliked sombre colours. She affected white clothing for the most part. Maclaren wondered what fresh misfortune had fallen upon her, and what this mourning meant.

She started as he touched her shoulder, and turned a white face to him. Then her features coloured and her eyes fell as if she had done something to be ashamed of.

"I am afraid I startled you," Maclaren said. "I only got back to London to-night, and I came to see you at once. May I come inside? You can imagine why I am here. If I were to talk from now till Christmas I should not be able to express half the gratitude I feel. But may I come in?"

Hilda nodded her head. She was bereft of speech for the moment. She led the way into the sitting-room and indicated a chair. But Maclaren stood there by the fireplace, and laid his hand upon

(*Continued on page 502*)

At the Duke of York's

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Kitty Melrose

Who is now playing in *Brewster's Millions*, in which Mr. Gerald du Maurier has just resumed his part. Her first appearance was in *The Catch of the Season*, and afterwards in *The Beauty of Bath*

(*Continued from page 500*)

the girl's shoulder. He was the same, yet not the same. His blue eyes were clear enough now; his gaze was firm and steadfast. He stood there, a fine picture of alert and vigorous manhood. And somewhere down in Hilda's heart there was a feeling that this man was a son of hers, just as if she had been a mother who had nursed a beloved son back again to life and strength after a lingering illness.

"Look at me," Maclaren said. "Aren't you proud of your handiwork? Because, under Providence, what I am to-night I owe entirely to you. If you had not come along that day I should have been one of the lost souls; I should have gone down to the bottom and never risen again. I was very far gone then. I suppose I am a man who is incapable of doing anything by halves. If you had not been so brave and kind, if your helping hand had not been ready for me, I should have taken my own life. I won't dwell upon the struggle I have had, but I am master of my own fate now, and all the world is before me. I came back to London, determined to seek you out on the first opportunity. I returned here to prove to you that all your kindness and generosity had not been wasted. I came to make a fresh start, feeling sure that I should have to begin over again—feeling certain that I should have to put up with the pity and scorn of my friends. You can judge of my surprise when I went to my club this evening and found that nobody knew anything. Ah! Hilda, you have done your work very well. But that was not the most extraordinary thing. I found that everybody was talking of my portrait of the Baroness D'Orsay; I found a score of commissions waiting for me at my house. But I barely glanced at them. I came round here at once for you to explain to me the meaning of this mystery. What has happened? How was it done? Something tells me that you know."

"I wonder if you will forgive me," Hilda whispered.

"There is nothing to forgive. My word, fancy talking about forgiveness between you and me! Tell me, child, where is Harold? Is it possible that he had something to do with it?"

Hilda's pale face was wet with tears.

"Harold is dead," she said. "I had forgotten for the moment that you could not possibly know. Jim Hayward told me that you had seen no papers. Harold died a fortnight ago. I have tried to think that it was all for the best, and no doubt I shall be able to take that view in time. But the wound is too raw and fresh for me to be philosophic about it. Still, I thank Heaven that the poor boy died in time to save himself all the fretful disappointments and blighted hopes which are in themselves a hell to such a nature as his. Harold had all that a genius possesses except the divine spark of originality which lifts the artist above his fellows. But there was one thing he could do, he could imitate, and he could copy. Do you remember the day when we last met, I mean the occasion when I came round to your house and found the Baroness waiting for you?"

"Shall I ever forget it?" Maclaren murmured.

"Well, I knew then that you would never finish that picture. I knew there was only one chance for you, and I took it. I knew, too, that I could rely upon Jim Hayward, and he did not fail me. I persuaded Harold to finish the picture. I felt certain that he could imitate your style in a way that would deceive the severest critics. And now I have a confession to make. About a fortnight was necessary for the work, but Harold was ill, and I knew that he could not undertake the task unless I could get him away into the country. I had no money, either. But you see, when temptation comes, opportunity is never far off. When I got the Baroness out of the way for you, I saw that she had dropped one of her diamonds. It was a beautiful old rose diamond, worth, perhaps, a hundred pounds, and I decided to sell it. I felt pretty sure that the Baroness would never miss it, and even if she did she wouldn't have the faintest idea where it had been lost. Oh, don't blame me. I know I did wrong. I know I ought to have taken the stone back to her again. But, then, you see, I didn't, Ronald. I saw my way to give my poor brother what he was breaking his heart to get. I saw my way to save you, and place you once more upon a proper footing. Anyway, I sold the diamond. I took your unfinished picture away from here to a delightful little cottage at Hindhead, and there the work was completed. There was no trouble in sending it in, because, you see, Harold understood about all that kind of thing, and no questions were asked. Perhaps you will ask me if I am sorry. If I tell the truth, I should say that there is not one drop of repentance in my heart. I would do the same thing again to-morrow. I took the risk, and I am glad, more glad than words could tell you, to see what a success mine has been. And strangely enough, before I sold myself in this fashion, I cared little or nothing for you. When once I put my hand to it you seemed to become a part of my life. You seemed to become in some way necessary to me. I suppose this is the way of the woman, and there is no accounting for it. Honestly, I don't feel as if I want to account for it. At any rate, I have made my confession now, and I am much easier in my mind. And now you had better go away before I say any more—go away and forget me. It will be quite enough for me that my hazardous experiment has been successful."

But Maclaren still lingered there.

"Not just yet," he said hoarsely, "not quite like this. Are you quite sure, Hilda, that your experiment is successful? Do you think it is safe to abandon it in this fashion? My cure and my repentance are not more than a month old as yet; at any rate, I am not going till I have relieved your mind of one matter. Look at this, and tell me what you think of it."

Maclaren produced from his pocket an old-fashioned ring with a claw setting from which the stone was missing. Hilda's eyes dilated. She gave a little gasp of pleasure.

"Is that really so?" she cried. "Do you mean to say that the stone I picked up was yours; honestly, did it fall from the setting on to the floor of your sitting-room?"

"You have guessed it," Maclaren smiled. "I bought that ring in Rome. It was a piece of reckless extravagance. I lost the stone only a few hours before I saw you last, and I had no time to look for it; in fact, I was not in the condition to look for it. You thought you were robbing the Baroness, but in reality you were robbing me. Oh, please don't misunderstand. You have repaid me ten thousand fold. And because I am a man, and because you are a woman, I am not yet satisfied. Hilda, will you continue the cure? Will you stand by me until it is permanent?"

He put out his hands and hers came to his.

"Oh, yes, yes!" she murmured through her tears. "And the strange thing is that I did not know I loved you till I lost you. And thank God it is not yet too late."

FRED. M. WHITE.

Making Fun Out of Physical Culture

SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE FEAT BY MR. FRED WRIGHT

The Exerciser proves rather a strain

Complications set in!

The beginning of his troubles!

He reads that his intended is really "The Pocket Miss Hercules," and decides to take up physical culture

Trouble with the Indian clubs

Bringing up his muscle

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

Mr. Fred Wright, Junr., in some of his amusing antics in "The Pocket Miss Hercules" at the New Royalty Theatre

In order to captivate Miss Daisy Faye, a poor relation who has just come into a large fortune, and who, through a misunderstanding is mistaken for "The Pocket Miss Hercules," the Hon. Ferdinand Falarope, the sickly son of the aristocratic but impecunious Lord Dyderdown, makes most praiseworthy efforts to strengthen his weakly body and constitution by strenuous physical exercises. That Mr. Wright, as the Hon. Ferdinand, works with a will, the above incidents show

TRAM-CARS AND HOLIDAY-MAKERS

Off the Lines

OF EVERY-DAY EXISTENCE

A TIP FOR TOWN DWELLERS FOR AN INEXPENSIVE VACATION

A General View of Tram Town, and Some Prominent Citizens (in full Civic Costume!)

"Every dog has his day," and it seemed that the arrival of the electric car would mark the disappearance of the horse-tram. A utilitarian spirit, however, arose and rescued many a "poor man's coach" from an ignominious end on the scrap-heap and gave them a new lease of life, and now, dotted round the country, one finds gaily coloured summer-houses, in the midst of the most rural scenery, still bearing the legend, "Aldgate and Commercial Road"; while cars which a short time back daily wended their weary way between "Blackfriars and Greenwich, *viâ* the Old Kent Road and Deptford," now afford a grand stand for the enthusiasts of many a country cricket club. Our American cousins, however, have gone one better. Many of New York's old street cars, now permanently "off the lines," serve as holiday accommodation for the city toiler. The town-bred being is a dutiful child of his *alma mater*, and, even in the midst of Nature's beauties, he is apt to suffer from *heimweh*. In Tram Town, therefore, he is at peace. He (or she) can spend his leisure in the open air, and at the same time eat his meals in comfort within four walls, and sleep at night with the knowledge that there is a roof over his head. The presence of the cars, with their associations, are a comfort, and add a zest to the pleasures of the holiday.

Photos

The Hospital Car

Brown

The Matron in her Car

The tramway-car and its possibilities as holiday accommodation have been seized by some 'cute soul in the States, and the success of the venture, in the form of a camp for girl-workers in New York's offices and shops, can be judged from the accompanying photographs

The Day's Programme

MEALS AND MERRIMENT

From Street—to Dining-car

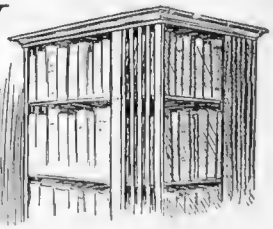
The faces of the holiday-makers, it will be noticed, glow with that pleasant sense of repletion and an amiable disposition towards the world in general, which is the result of a hearty meal in congenial company, surely the best advertisement Tram Town could obtain

Photos *Brown*

Water-Nymphs up to Date

Much as the town-dweller delights in Nature and the Simple Life—while the sun is shining—as night draws on or the rain begins to fall, he (or she) begins to hanker after the little conveniences associated with life behind bricks and mortar, while, with some natures, even the beauties of the woods and the streams begin to pall after a few days. For such as these, Tram Town, besides affording most economical accommodation, is the ideal resort. The cars, with their gay colours and their familiar legends, afford the necessary link with town life, and at the same time form adequate and substantial shelter from the elements

THE LIBRARY



Books to Order This Week

"The Brahmans, Theists, and Muslims of India." By Professor Campbell Oman. (Unwin: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Master Crime." By Joseph Lyons and Cecil Raleigh. (Cassell: 1*s.* net.)

"Margery of the Mill." By M. E. Francis. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

The Day of New Religions

"New" religions are, I learned from THE BYSTANDER last week, very much to the fore just now, and despite the American origin of most of them, English people seem to allow themselves to be interested in them in a way which is at least quaint in a land which already harbours heresies by the hundred. Having the habit, which is I know very unworthy in a proper reviewer, of reading books of the day very often in the light of events of the day, I found some food for thought in *The Brahmans, Theists, and Muslims of India*, by Professor Campbell Oman (Fisher Unwin: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). The general contents of this book are informative rather than philosophical. Professor Oman has already written a book dealing with the Mystics, Ascetics, and Saints of India, and is, therefore, thoroughly competent for his task. His descriptions, in the earlier chapters, of goddess-worship are exceedingly interesting, and a little blood-curdling, while the chapter on Brahmanism and the terrible caste system—that eternal menace to peace in India—is enlightening. The chapter which, however, most attracted my attention, in the light of events of the day, was that dealing with Theism in Bengal, particularly the phase of it which was exploited by the once famous Keshub Chunder Sen. In Keshub we have a remarkable instance of the fate which, in our age, ever awaits new doctrines which are based on philosophy, and not on superstition.

The Hindu Prophet of Pantheism. An almost forgotten celebrity of the 'sixties and 'seventies

(*Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin from "The Brahmans, Theists, and Muslims of India"*)

A Forgotten Prophet

If ever a man had an attractive Idea to lay before the world, it was Keshub. Keshub advocated Pantheism—a universal God—and held that, in the fulness of time, men would eliminate errors from their respective creeds, and arrive at a pure form of "theism." He preached his creed to Christian countries. As a highly educated Bengali, and a man of most fascinating character, eloquence, and charm, he certainly gained the ear of his generation. Foreshadowing, as he did, some ultimate union of Christians, Moslems, Jews, Hindus—and, in fact, all faiths—here we had perhaps the most remarkable preacher of recent years. But where is that preacher now? Technically speaking, he is dead, for he departed this life in 1884. But how is it that his soul has not gone marching on?

A Sad Look-Out for Philosophy

Not even the Brahmans who were his immediate followers remained united in his teaching after his death. But a few years after, they had scattered like chaff, and to-day little or nothing remains either in India or elsewhere of his magnificent doctrine. This is a sad look-out for philosophers in general. There may be greater thinkers by far than Keshub—the Rev. R. J. Campbell may have a higher intellect, and his New Theology may be nearer the truth than that of this Indian—but certainly nobody has come before us possessed of greater qualifications than he for popularising a creed. If Keshub collapsed, then who may expect to survive?

The Family Curse

When, the other day, I wrote some would-be kind words about Mrs. L. T. Meade's 200th novel, I at least thought that I should have been free for awhile from the work of this versatile novelist. Yet another book from her pen comes, therefore, somewhat as a shock, the more so, inasmuch as it is based on almost the identical subject of the last one, *Kindred Spirits: i.e.* a Family Curse. L. T. Meade's predilection for Family Curses—skeletons in the cupboard—is manifested in every other new novel that comes from her pen. It is almost as persistent as the kidnapped child who was so familiar in the juvenile romances which she wrote in earlier days. In *Kindred Spirits* the author handled her material with some sureness, and the nature of the Family Curse there written about was somewhat more original than the generality of such. The Curse which pervades the life of the hero of *The Curse of the Feverals* (Long: 6*s.*) is, however, somewhat familiar. Arthur Feveral's life is made miserable by the influence of an ancestry which drank and gambled, etc., etc.,

The Restaur-author: What Next?

as a result of which his career as a surgeon suffers awful reverses. After suffering dire vicissitudes on their account, Love steps into his life and rescues him and his house from ruin. A moderately good story, but somewhat milk-and-watery—by no means the equal of *Kindred Spirits*. Will Mrs. Meade's next book be about something else than a Family Curse? Perhaps! Anyway, I hope so.

A Changeable Novel

If he is hardly a master of the art of novel-writing, Captain Henry Curties displays in *Tears of Angels* (Sisleys: 6*s*.) an unusual faculty for surprising the reader. In no recent novel has the narrative been so often and so painfully buffeted about. The book starts in profound quiet—even gloom. A poor invalid is bewailing the unhappy fate which dooms him to "lie idly on his back watching the white clouds hurrying on their endless errands," the while others are playing games and enjoying themselves. But never mind, the poor invalid loves studying the stars—those "tears of angels." Coming from afar to help him in his astronomical studies, and to be his companion, is a mystic young man named Austin, with beautiful far-away eyes. There are other characters—the hero-invalid's sister, and a rich *parvenu*, named Winchcombe, and his sister. The main interest, however, promises to be the invalid-astronomer and his companion, and their doings and thinkings. Just as the reader is getting reconciled to these, and is prepared for a quiet, snoozy time, the action is changed. Blo-o-o-o-od! Winchcombe, having married the hero's sister, has a quarrel with a financial associate, and is suspected of his murder. We are carried breathlessly through an inquest, an arrest, a trial, a death sentence, to within the shadow of the gallows itself. I do not deny that we are rather relieved to be thus rudely transferred, even though the persons involved in the murder are not primary characters, and though the part played by the hero himself (suddenly cured of his infirmity) is purely indirect. Furthermore, poor Austin and Miss Winchcombe, in whom we were originally interested, are allowed to drop out as though they never had been. When, however, we have seen Winchcombe comfortably hanged, and are just prepared for the finish of the story, another surprise. The whole thing has been a dream! Nothing that seems to have happened has happened after all, and we end the story as we began it, with the invalid looking up at the stars, Austin by his side, and the matrimonial prospects of the various ladies *in statu quo ante*. For those that like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing they will like. Personally, I have no more love for a novel which is so studded with ambushes than a motorist has for a road studded with police-traps, though I am bound to say *Tears of Angels* passes the time somehow. The actual scenes of the murder trial are good melodrama.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Mr. Joseph Lyons

Who has joined the ranks of the novelists, in co-operation with Mr. Cecil Raleigh, as the author (the restaur-author) of "The Master Crime" (Cassell: 1*s*.)

What Next?

The publication of a novel by Mr. Joseph Lyons is exhilarating news, and I do not doubt that *The Master Crime* (Cassell: 1*s*. net) is now being read by countless thousands. As Mr. Lyons has the invaluable literary aid of Mr. Cecil Raleigh, needless to say, a clever and an exciting novel has resulted. At the same time, I do hope this is not the beginning of a new era. With due respect to Mr. Lyons, whose vogue as a *restaurateur* is notorious, I look forward with great trepidation to a novel by Sir Thomas Lipton, a brochure by Mr. Lockhart, or a play by Mr. Pears. The drawing power of such names would be so enormous that Miss Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine might find their sales suffer, to say nothing of scores of humbler scribes. Worse still—what if the syndicates of clever people who combine to write our musical comedies for us find themselves challenged, and read one day of the forthcoming production of a new musical comedy, book, words, and music by the Aerated Bread Company?

"Margery of the Mill." By M. E. Francis (Methuen: 6s.)

She was a miller's daughter,
He was a poor young swell.
Just for her heritage he sought her;
"We'll wed," he said, "and out she'll shell."

However, just as Harry (the swell) has got Margery (the miller's daughter) to accept his suit, and to reject that of a yeoman admirer, Ned, the news comes of the death of a relative, whereby Harry becomes the heir to estates and wealth. Promptly he slithers out of the entanglement with Margery, and leaves her to the blandishments of Ned. Then, Nemesis! Punishment for his fickleness! It turns out that the relative isn't dead after all, and—well,

Ned wed the miller's daughter,
While Harry—he was poorer still.

VIVIAN CARTER.

The Retreat of a Famous Song-Writer

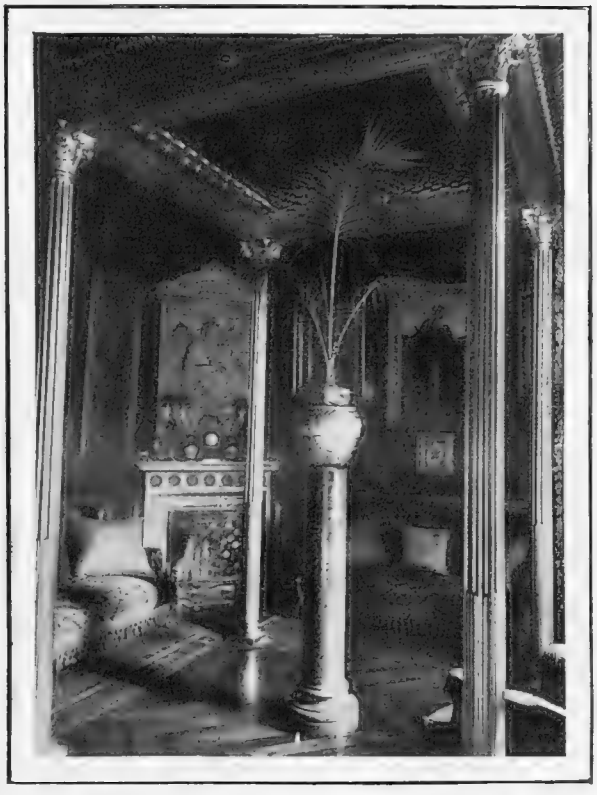
LORD HENRY SOMERSET'S BEAUTIFUL FLORENTINE VILLA

The Entrance Hall and Staircase of Lord H. Somerset's Villa in the Via Guido Monaco

Lord Henry Somerset, the famous composer of "Echo," "A Song of Sleep," "Where'er You Go," etc., etc., lives quietly in a villa, furnished and decorated after his own heart, in the Via Guido Monaco, Florence. Originally an ugly and ordinary modern "villino," thanks to the occupant's artistic taste, the house has now been transformed into a beautiful "quatrocento pallazino"

An Anglo-Florentine Interior

One of the Bedrooms



The "Sala Verde" (Green Hall)

A Corner of the Dining-room

Even in such a beautiful city as Florence, where so much that is beautiful is to be found, it would, indeed, be difficult to discover a more exquisite interior, and the photographs speak for themselves as to the taste of the talented nobleman

Golf Notes and Notions

The Reform Agitation

Mr. Fowler has set the heather on fire by his proposals for reform, which he outlined in *Country Life* a few weeks ago. I quite expected that he would rouse the sleeping lions, and my expectation has not been disappointed. Whenever anyone has the temerity to suggest that all is not for the best in the best of all possible worlds in golfing affairs, he is bound to rouse the fury of the old Tories. Out they come from their fastnesses and shout, "Who is this daring ruffian who attempts to disturb our calm and happy existence? Away with him; how dare he suggest that we should do anything, or that we should listen for a moment to his ridiculous complaints?" The chieftainship of this old Tory clan I should certainly assign to my old friend Mr. John Low, who, in all the alarums and excursions of golfing agitation during the past fifteen years, has always taken a doughty part.

The Defeat of the Open Champion at Skegness: Massey Putting at the Third Green

In the match between Arnaud Massey, the Open Champion, and J. H. Taylor, Champion in 1894, 1895, and 1900, at Skegness, Massey was beaten, after an exciting game, by 3 up and 2 to play

A Characteristic Letter

His battle-cry has taken the form of a characteristic letter in *Golf Illustrated* of August 16, in which he belabours his opponents with much gusto. He starts his letter with the following delicious sentence: "To those who remember previous reformations, the present agitation is somewhat wearisome; the same pleas are brought forward only to run up against the same difficulties." From this charming exordium it is easy to imagine the rest of the letter, which is certainly not calculated to throw oil on the troubled waters. Now I count myself just as loyal a son of St. Andrews as Mr. Low, and I cannot for the life of me see the good sense of riling one's adversaries in a discussion, or of employing the very opposite of the soft answer which turneth away wrath when dealing with the arguments of those who assert that there is something rotten in the golfing Denmark.

Does it Voice the General Opinion?

The attitude adopted by Mr. Low, who does not scruple to call the reformers "mischief-makers," is exactly the attitude which in the South is ascribed to the Royal and Ancient, and which exasperates the outside golfer so much. I am glad to note from the tone of Mr. Mansfield Hunter's letter in *Country Life* a few weeks back that he does not follow Mr. Low on this occasion. I do not think that Mr. Low is doing any service to his club by adopting this ultra-Tory attitude. I should doubt whether he voices the opinions of the majority of the younger members of the Royal and Ancient, among whom there is a distinct sense of something being wanting in the government of the game. For that reason, I take up my pen and venture to assert that St. Andrews has no wish to be unreasonable, and that to any well-thought-out suggestions and recommendations she will always lend a willing ear.

A Useless Committee

It is idle to assert that the establishment of the Rules of Golf Committee has brought the "golden age" into the realms of golf. The idea on which that Committee was founded was excellent, but it has been somewhat lost sight of. That idea was that leading representatives of the South should be chosen from among the members of the Royal and Ancient, so that the Committee should always be kept in touch with the wants of the Southrons. The Committee consists of fifteen members at present, and out of these fifteen members only two, Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Colt, can be taken as in the least representing the South. Two among fifteen seems a very very small proportion to assign for the representation of the vast body of golfers South of the Tweed, not to speak of the ever-growing golfing communities outside the Kingdom. Would it not be possible to add to the numbers of the Rules of Golf Committee by having "corresponding members," much as the various academies at home and abroad have? This would enable corresponding members for America and other countries and districts to be added who would be able to keep the Committee in touch with the wants of their communities. But whatever we do, do not let us, in the Low manner, enrage our adversaries by a kind of Papal *non-possumus* and "infallible" attitude.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

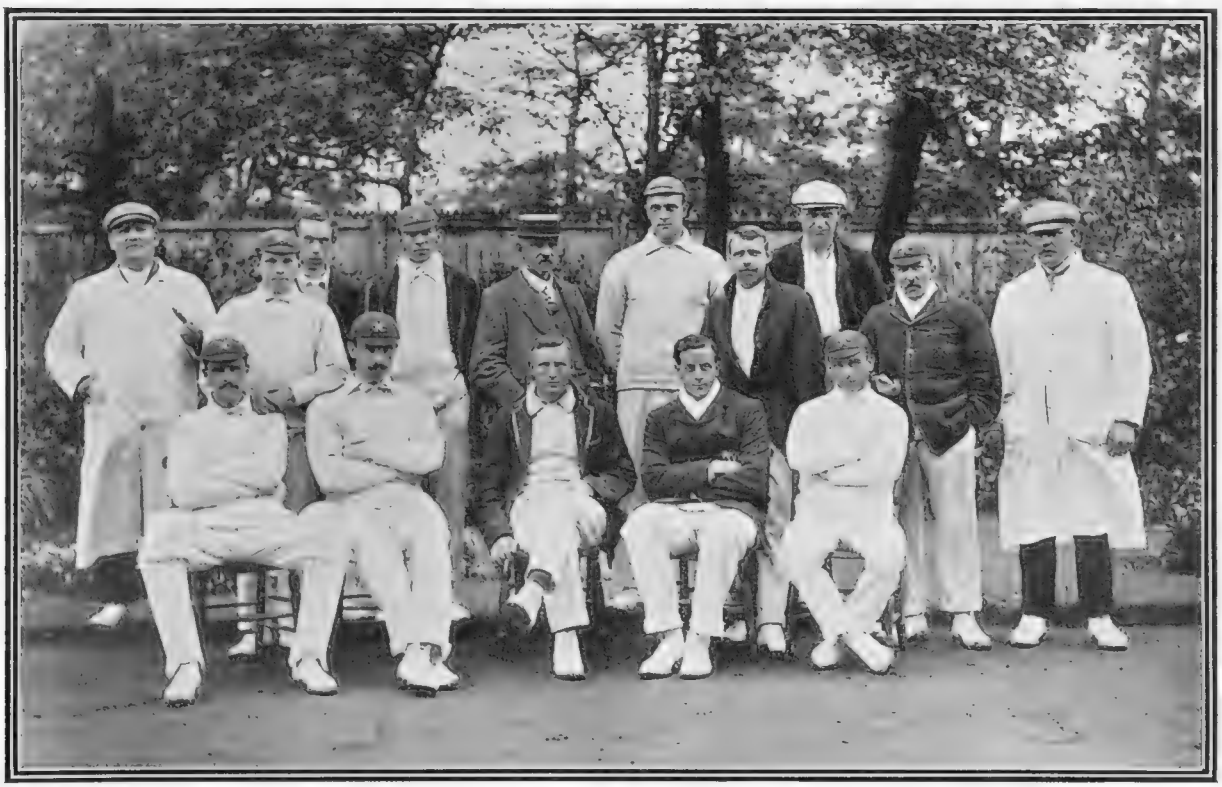
SAILING

A Pathetic Warning

The accident on the Bandón river, which resulted in the death of Mr. Augustus Wildy, one of the most distinguished and popular of amateur sailors, brings once more into prominence the danger of sailing in small boats which, if they capsize, are bound to sink. There was nothing worth knowing about yacht and boat-sailing that Mr. Wildy did not know. That is why I have deliberately described him as a sailor rather than a yachtsman, for a yachtsman is often merely the owner of a yacht, and no sailor. But in sailing there are, and always will be, things beyond the control of the greatest expert in the world, and in this case nothing could prevent the boat from sinking after she had once been knocked flat, for she was an open boat, ballasted with metal. Of course, no boat, not even a life-boat, is uncapsizable, but any boat can be made, and many are, unsinkable, while not a few (like the lifeboat again) are self-righting; and if they are so constructed as not to fill when knocked flat by a sudden squall, ballast, so far from dragging them down is the chief source of their righting power. But if a boat is open from end to end, she is actually safer, though more crank, without metal ballast than with it, because she will stay on the surface, waterlogged it is true, and perhaps on her side, or bottom upwards; and so there is, at any rate, something for the crew to hang on to.

"Is It Worth It?"

On the other hand, an open boat, ballasted, is bound to sink like a stone as soon as she has taken in enough water over the lee side, for the ballast does the rest, and there is nothing for the crew to do but swim for it. Everybody knows that a spice of danger gives a zest to sport, but the point I wish to emphasise is that in some kinds of boat-sailing there is very much more than a spice of danger, and that it is, at any rate, possible to discourage people from risking their lives foolhardily in the pursuit of pleasure. For this reason I should like to see some provision in every set of regulations governing the racing of small yachts and boats whereby they would be disqualified from competing unless they were, at least, unsinkable. This would, of course, not prevent a man from using any kind of coffin he liked for cruising purposes; but it is well



The Champions: The Notts Team

STANDING—*Left to right:* G. Payton, Gunn, Coxon (scorer), Alletson, Hallam, J. Wass, Gunn
SITTING—*Left to right:* G. T. Branston, Oates, Hardstaff, Iremonger, A. O. Jones

Photo *Topical Agency*

The American Henley: The Regatta in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia

America's Henley takes place every August on the River Schuylkill, where it runs through the beautiful Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The chief event is an International Eights Match, which was this year won by the Argonaut crew from Canada

known that racing boats set the fashion to the cruising fleet, and if safety were a *sine quâ non* for racers, it would soon become fashionable for cruisers too. Another thing that I would like to see is the breaking down of the absurd prejudice against the use of cork jackets. This is only a matter of fashion, too. If experienced yachtsmen would only adopt them when there is any risky work on hand others would soon follow suit. Mr. Wildy was a strong swimmer as well as a skilled sailor, but something went wrong, and if there had been a cork jacket or two on board, we might quite possibly not be mourning to-day the loss of one of the best men that ever handled a rope or a tiller.

LAWN TENNIS

On Matters Culinary

There is much that cannot be gainsaid in the somewhat scathing attack which Mr. Wallis Myers has made, in a recent issue of the *Daily Mail*, upon the way in which lawn tennis tournaments are "run" nowadays. It is, for instance, impossible to deny that the practice of "cooking" the draw (so as to guard against the possibility of the good players meeting each other until the later stages of the tournament) is indefensible. In the first place, it is illegal; consequently, if it is done at all, it *has* to be done *sub rosa*, and Mr. Myers is quite right in saying that this ought not to be. He recognises the fact that tournament management has its commercial side; that, in order for a tournament to be made to pay, the sight-seeing public must be provided with good matches at the times at which they expect them—*i.e.* when the semi-finals and finals are reached. Nor does he condemn the practice of "cooking" *in toto*. All he says is that, if it is done, it should be done openly, and that players should have due notice beforehand that the draw will be so conducted. But this is manifestly impossible for the reason above stated, and therefore, says Mr. Myers, "cooking" ought either to be legalised, or suppressed; whereas, at present, its existence is tacitly admitted—and winked at—with the result that the crack player gets safely through to the prize rounds, whilst the inferior player, who may have entered in the hope that the "luck of the draw" will enable him to get through two or three rounds, is really being—to put it mildly—deluded. And yet it is an odd thing that at Wimbledon this year (where the drawing is absolutely fair and square), as soon as the draw for the Singles' Championship was known, the prevailing cry was: "What a rotten draw!" because fate, untrammelled by the ministrations of a *chef*, had ordained that Brookes, Wilding, and Behr would run into each other quite early. And even those players who were going to benefit thereby joined in the chorus. Public opinion would therefore seem to be "agin' the law" rather than "agin' the practice." Of course, the practice is not universal. There are a great many meetings besides the Championships at which the draw is made absolutely on the square; but it needs no Sherlock Holmes to tell that it is pretty prevalent. If it is for the good of the game that it should go on, I think the time has come for it to be legalised. If it is not for the good of the game, then, I think, the L.T.A. should take some steps to ensure the due enforcement of its own Regulations. Mr. Myers has also a good deal to say about the way everything is done at tournaments to suit the convenience of the crack players. Upon this wider and more general clause in his indictment I hope to comment next week.

RACING NOTIONS

DERBY AND DONCASTER. By "CARBINE"

The Great Ebor Handicap

Plum Tree failed badly in the Great Ebor Handicap. It was a surprise to everyone to see Madden making strong running on the top weight, and I cannot help thinking that the policy was unwise. Certainly Plum Tree could not fight at the finish after the way in which he had been hustled along in the earlier stages of the race. Victory rested with Mr. A. Bendon's Wuffy, who next to Plum Tree was the best-backed horse in the race, the news coming at the last moment from Newmarket that he had been so highly tried that his owner and trainer did not think he could be beaten. Their confidence was justified, yet Wuffy was a lucky horse to get the race after all, for he nearly knocked The Page off his legs, and it is certain that, if the latter had finished second instead of third, there would have been a protest against the winner. And the objection would have been fatal to Wuffy, as it was a pretty bad bump. With his small string of thoroughbreds, Mr. Albert Bendon is having a very good time just now.

The Gimcrack for the Third Time

After Mr. Hall Walker had won his second Gimcrack Stakes with Polar Star last year, he boldly declared that he would win it a third time, and named the colt whom he thought would do the trick. He was right. Royal Realm, the youngster he mentioned, verified the prophecy on Thursday. Doubtless he was very fortunate not to encounter such good colts as Sir Archibald, Bonspiel II., and Your Majesty, but he ran his race out very smoothly, and I should not be surprised if he grows into one of the very best of his age. Mr. Hall Walker has been marvellously successful since he began breeding race-horses, though he has not yet achieved his ambition of winning the Derby. The King is leasing half-a-dozen yearlings from him, and the likelihood is that these youngsters will bring his Majesty back to a prominent place on the list of winning owners. Mr. Hall Walker's greatest task ahead is to find something fresh to say at the coming dinner of the Gimcrack Club.

St. Leger Outsiders

Perhaps the most amazing event of the York meeting was the victory of Altitude over Qu'appelle and Earlston. Most of us, I think, had put down Altitude as one of the soft-hearted brigade. Yet here she came like one of the gamest of the game, and fairly worried Qu'appelle out of the race. No doubt Maher's superb jockeyship—this is no mere figure of speech, for the American has been riding extraordinarily well just lately—had something to do with the result. Anyway, Altitude's performance was highly creditable, and people are now asking themselves whether it is possible for her to win the St. Leger Now, if Qu'appelle were eligible for the Doncaster race, he certainly would be second favourite to Wool Winder. So what about Altitude, who beat him at York? Lord Derby's filly is not the only outsider who will have to be considered at Doncaster. Mr. Hall Walker has one in the improved filly Order of Merit, and Lord Wolverton has another in the handsome colt Larig. These three all won their races at York, and it is just on the cards that one of them may achieve a big surprise on the Town Moor. But, which one? Personally I should prefer Larig of the three. Taylor's stable will be represented in the St. Leger by Comus or Stickup, and, according to present arrangements, Roi Herode is to be sent from France to tackle Woolwinder. The Duke of Devonshire's colours may be carried by Acclaim, Lord Rosebery will probably let Bezonian take his chance, while the Oaks winner, Glass Doll, may also be among the starters. So it will be by no means an uninteresting Leger.

The Derby Meeting

In the week before Doncaster there is excellent racing at Derby, where backers are presented with the problem of finding the winner of the Peveril of the Peak Plate on Thursday. **Dinneford** is set a big task to win under the top weight, but Mr. Reid Walker's horse is in such remarkably fine form that his success may be looked for. Best of the others I like Marcovil. On Wednesday, **Comus** should win the Champion Breeders' Stakes, and the **Duke of Devonshire's selected** may take the Harrington Plate. For the Rangemore Stakes, on Thursday, my selection is **High Flyer.** The Breeders' Foal Plate at Kempton Park, on Saturday, promises to be an interesting affair, especially if **Little Flutter** and Bracelet come together, and at the weights I fancy the former.

The Finish of the Great Ebor Handicap

The race was won by Mr. Albert Bendon's Wuffy

Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

A reader of THE BYSTANDER, who tells me he has become a victim to the motoring craze, asks for advice as to what car he should get, and whether he would be wise to invest in a second-hand motor as a commencement. There are two ways in which a man can proceed, the first plan being to take a course of lessons at one of the numerous schools of motoring, although care must be taken to select one of good repute.

Then, having been thoroughly taught the principle of the internal combustion engine, and having been taught to drive and manage a car, the erstwhile tyro can invest in a new car with some knowledge of his subject. The drawback to this plan, however, is that it is rather a tedious proceeding being taught in a motor school, and the average man who wants a car, and can afford it, wants it at once.

* * *

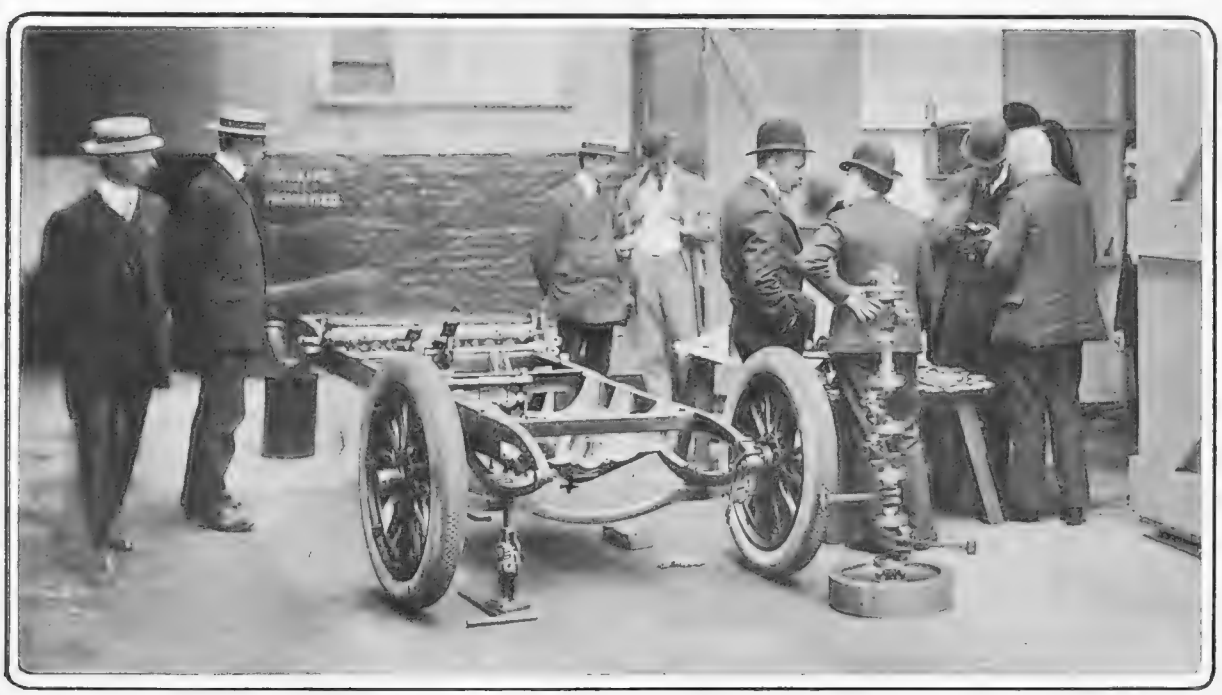
The other method is to purchase a second-hand car. This should be a small one, so that it can be easily managed. In purchasing it, the would-be owner must take nothing for granted, for there is just as much trickery—"graft," though an Americanism, is a better word—in the sale of second-hand cars as there ever was among horse-dealers. The number of enthusiastic beginners who have been swindled by speciously worded advertisements must be legion. He should get a friend who understands cars thoroughly

Car-icature — No. XLII.: Captain Arthur Rawlinson

As the head of the great firm of Darracq, in England, he has done much to popularise the automobile movement in this country. Thoroughly at home at the wheel of a racing car, he is also one of our best polo players

18-28 H.-P. MERCÉDÈS, guaranteed in first-class order, £425; 10-12 H.-P. PEUGEOT, side entrance, hood, and gate change, £275; and six other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD, Ltd. (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W.

The most remarkable demonstration of the efficiency of the petrol motor is the performance of the two WESTINGHOUSE Cars in the "Coupe de la Presse."—A. GAAL AND Co., 17, Hanover Square, London, W. Telephone: 2761 Mayfair.



The Technical Committee of the Royal Automobile Club inspecting the parts of the Hotchkiss Car which has just completed a 15,000 miles trial, 10,590½ miles having been done without an involuntary stop

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Specialities for the Toilet are the Best Aids for Maintaining Health and Beauty.

"JUNON" HAIR STAIN.

Permanent in one solution. Will not wash off. Leaves the hair soft and glossy. Prepared in eight shades (send shade of hair required).

In bottles, 2/9 and 5/6.

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For strengthening and promoting growth, restoring the colour, and preventing the hair from falling out.

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Thoroughly cleanses the scalp, is delightfully cooling, and its use in cases of headache and neuralgia gives instant relief. Invaluable for use after sea bathing.

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ESSENCE "JUNON."

The Perfume of the Century.

ESSENCE "JUNON"—"Is delicious."—ELLEN TERRY.
ESSENCE "JUNON"—"Perfectly delightful."—GERTRUDE ELLIOTT.
ESSENCE "JUNON"—"Delicious and refreshing."—ELLALINE TERRISS.

In bottles, 1/6, 2/6, 4/6, and 10/6,

A Sample Phial will be sent on receipt of address and six penny stamps.

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A small quantity will soften the hardest water and preserve the most delicate skins and complexions.

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The exquisite fashionable perfume for 1907.

In bottles, 1/3, 2/6, 3/6, and 4/6.

"JUNON" TOILET BOOK will be sent free on receipt of postcard.

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The New Dunlop Detachable Rim

The detachable rim has come to stay, and the latest pattern has just been put on the market by the Dunlop Co. The above photograph shows the inflated tyre on the spare rim. This device has no loose parts, consisting solely of the rim carrying the inflated tyre, the wheel, and the key used to lock the two together

to inspect his intended purchase, and then, before actually buying he should stipulate that the car be overhauled by an expert. The few guineas he will have to pay the expert may be money well spent. The first thing to do in examining a car with a view of purchasing it is to see the gears, but every part is of importance if the motor is to run well, and not be a perpetual visitor to the repairing garage. The clutch, the circulation, the change speed levers, the brakes are all of importance. A car, too, that runs well on a trial run may prove very different when it passes into the new owner's hands. Therefore, though a man learns far more by starting with a second-hand car, he must proceed cautiously if he wishes to be able to see any of his money back a little later on.

I publish in this issue a picture of the dismantled six-cylinder Hotchkiss car which recently completed a 15,000 miles trial under the observation of the Royal Automobile Club, immediately after having successfully emerged from a 6,000 miles trial in France. The roads traversed were very varied, every run being over fresh ground, scarcely a main highway in Great Britain and Ireland having been unvisited. The parts of the car have been inspected by the Technical Committee of the R.A.C. and the press. The inappreciable amount of wear in the mechanism of a car which has covered 21,000 miles practically straight off is simply amazing. The engine and the transmission gears are as sweet as the day the car first left the workshops. Hearty congratulations have been showered on Captain Corbet and his co-directors of the London and Parisian Motor Company, of 87 Davies Street, Oxford Street.

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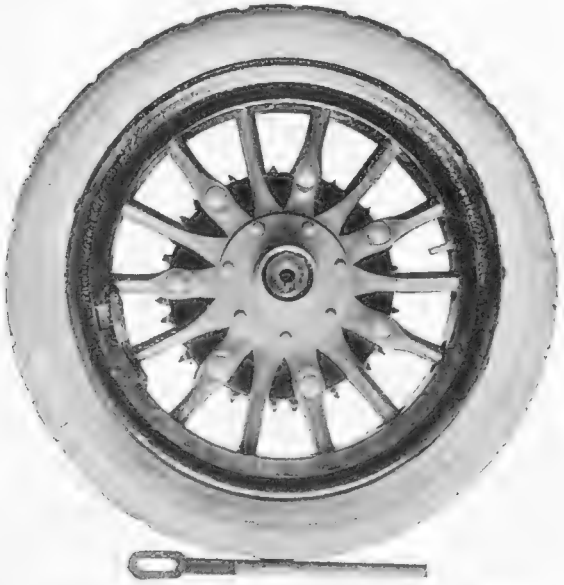

The Dunlop detachable Rim and Tyre on the Wheel

Only one tool is necessary to manipulate the new rim, namely a key that fits over the locking bar of the link. At a public demonstration recently at the Panhard-Levassor premises, the Dunlop rim was "shipped" seven times in a minute

Two Views of the Wheel without the Tyre

Both the wheel and the rim have four driving pieces, so that the two fit together as one. The locking member is a wide U shaped ring of elastic steel, divided centrally, its extremities being connected by an adjustable link, by means of which the two ends may be forced apart when it is necessary to attach or detach the rim

Car-icature—No. XLII.: Captain Arthur Rawlinson

One of the most popular, as he is certainly among the most genial and optimistic, sportsmen who have devoted themselves to the advancement of automobilism forms the subject of this week's Car-icature in the person of Captain Arthur Rawlinson. It is now some eight years since Captain Rawlinson first drove his own car, and in the interim he has helped enormously to popularise the movement. In 1904, as head of the great firm of A. Darracq and Co. in England, he put a team of British built Darracq racing cars in the eliminating trials for the Gordon-Bennett race held in the Isle of Man, and although—mainly owing to the vagaries of the French mechanics sent over to "tune up" the racers—success did not crown his efforts, Captain Rawlinson

SCENES AT TROUVILLE
SEE THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC"

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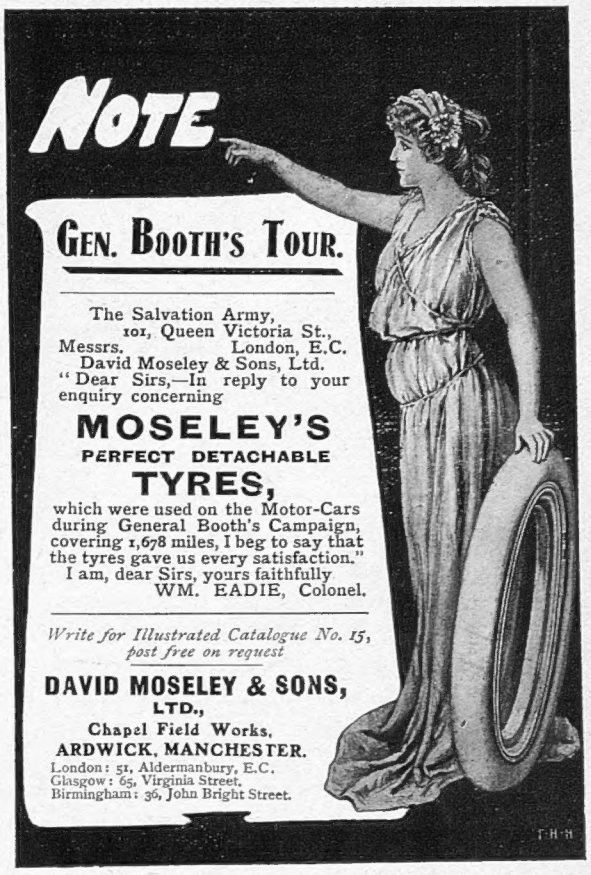

The Incomparable

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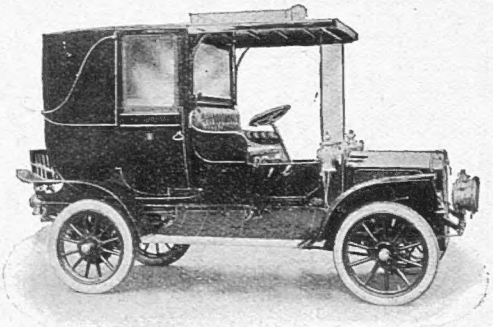
Gold Medal Landaulette



which

Won the Gold Medal in the Royal Automobile Club's Town Carriage Competition.

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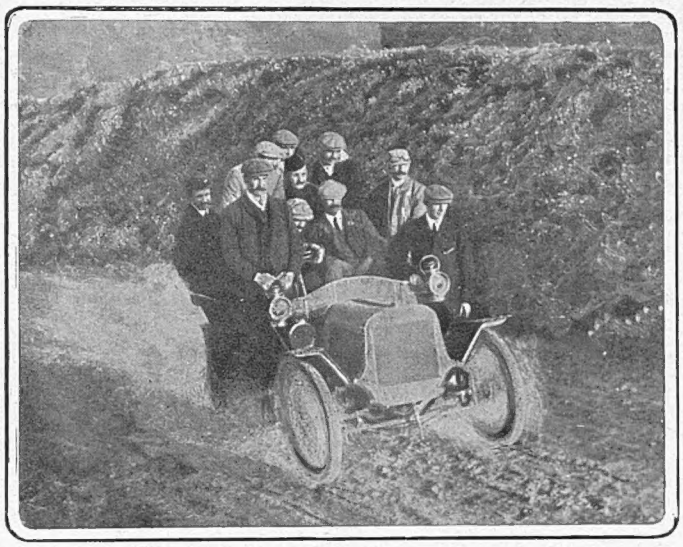


A Good Load
An Argyll car ascending a hill with fourteen passengers

took his reverses with characteristic imperturbability, and, later in the season, was to be seen carrying all before him at the speed trials held on the track at Blackpool. As a polo player, he has few equals, and has played with distinction in many a hard-fought game, his dash, skill, and nerve, standing him in good stead as well on the polo field as on the more hazardous racing automobile. D. M.

* * *

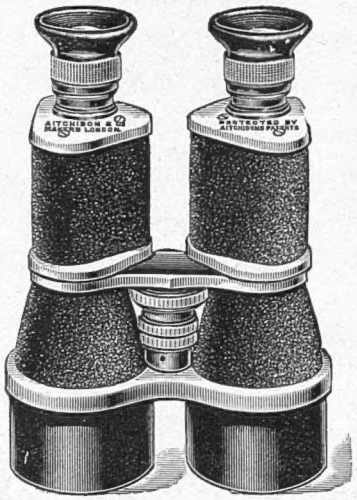
Miscellanea

Mr. D. M. Weigel, the well-known motorist and managing director of Weigel Motors, Ltd., was sentenced recently to one month's hard labour, a heavy fine, and a withdrawal of his licence for two years, by the magistrates at Haywards Heath for having driven a car at the rate of fifty-six miles an hour. Mr. Weigel has appealed, and, having produced the necessary guarantors, the case will come up for revision in due course. Meantime, it is *sub judice*, but it may be stated that no evidence was offered to show that Mr. Weigel did any damage. Mr. Weigel denies that he was going at anything like the speed claimed.

The latest phase of the motorphobe is to associate automobilists with the iniquities of the Congo. Since the motor-car industry is responsible for the consumption of an immense proportion of the world's rubber supply, the motorist who fits Avon tyres to his car can, at all events, plead innocence of the bloodshed in the collection of African rubber, for the manufacturers of Avon tyres look to British Possessions for their supplies. Most of the rubber used by them is the cultivated Para, grown in Ceylon, which is much purer than the best native-grown rubbers. The fabric which forms the foundation of the Avon tyre is made from Egyptian cotton. Notwithstanding the fact that the materials, quality, and workmanship of the Avon tyres are second to none, the prices are slightly lower than those of other first-class makes. This is owing to the economic organisation of the immense works at Melksham, where all kinds of rubber goods are made, although the firm specialises in tyres, solid and pneumatic, made in all standard sizes. I have recently tried Avon tyres on my car, and they have acted splendidly.

The recent controversy in the Press as to whether ladies can successfully drive motor-cars has been conclusively proved by the splendid performance put up by Mrs. Ed. A. Riley in the Scottish Reliability Trials. In spite of the fact that she was pitted against the pick of the trade and professional drivers, she drove her 20 h.-p. Belsize throughout the trials, winning the Gold Medal in Class III. against all competitors. It may be added that the Belsize car upon which Mrs. Riley achieved her success was shod with Continental tyres. The fact that a privately owned car, in the hands of a lady driver, should make such a record is a splendid testimony to both the car and the tyres.

THE AITCHISON HIGH POWER "DAY MARINE" PRISM GLASSES



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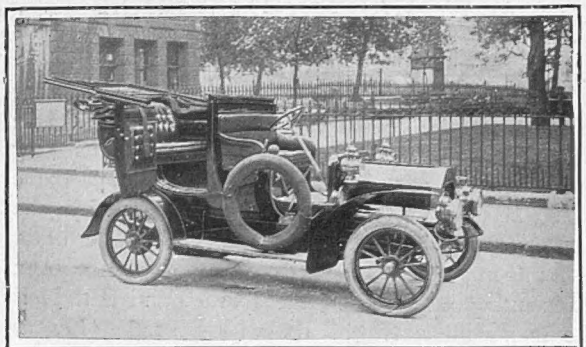

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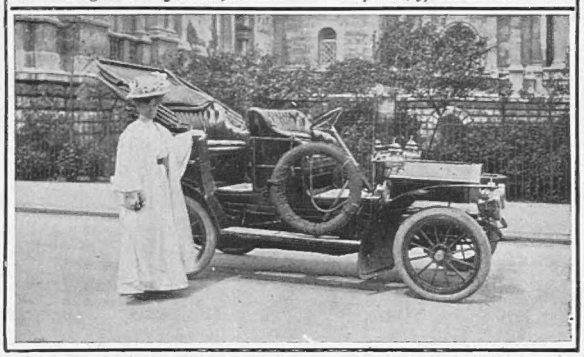

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A WOMAN'S NOTE BOOK

The New Act

The Deceased Wife's Sister's Act shows signs of creating a perfect furore of conflicting opinions throughout the country. I am surprised that there is so much feeling displayed either for or against a measure which it seemed probable would be met with absolute indifference by the large majority. Ladies — of the Suffragette order —are arising to complain that they have not been sufficiently considered in the matter, and that it is the men's interests which always prevail. Let us hope that those persons will cool down, and we shall not have too lively a time of it. After all, their personal freedom is not infringed, for no woman is obliged to marry her brother-in-law just because he does her the honour of asking her.

Its Disadvantages

Apart from questions of Church laws, principles, and public morality, the discussion of which would be out of place here, it seems to me that one very serious domestic disadvantage will result from the Deceased Wife's Sister's Act. In the days, now departed, when a brotherly relationship was possible between a man and his deceased wife's sister, the latter was able to execute an authority in the up-bringing of his family which must now necessarily cease. Indeed, the maternal aunt was usually looked upon as the natural guardian of her sister's children—the one who could most nearly replace the parent they had lost. Certainly a man may now marry his sister-in-law, and make her even more truly the mother of his boys and girls; but then men do not *often* want to—the whole thing has been greatly exaggerated. Probably now they may do so (being contrary creatures), they will want to even *less* often. In any case, the few instances which occur will not make up for the loss of that general sense of security by which men could turn to their sisters-in-law for sisterly assistance. Young families must now be left to less efficient relatives (because less near, since a man's own sister is not so near to the mother they have lost), or even to paid strangers.

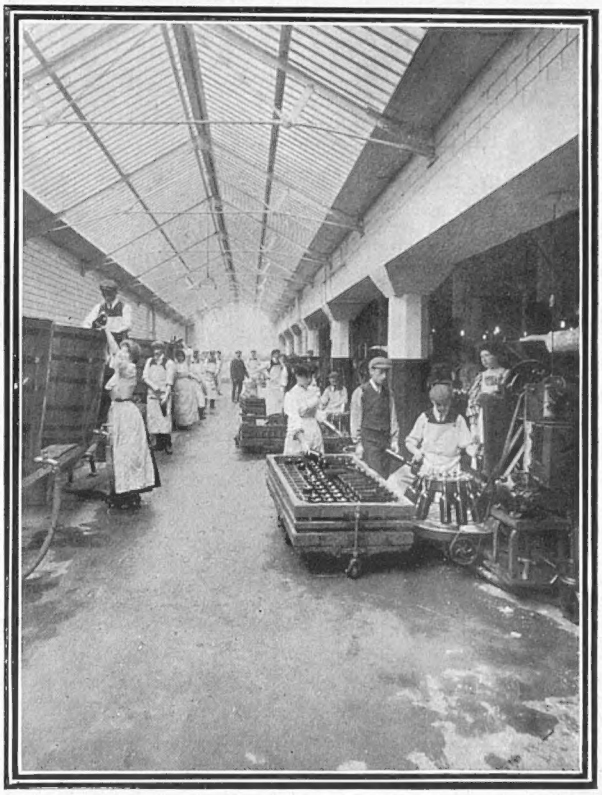
Hostesses and House-parties

It is becoming of less and less avail to be a brilliant hostess for any occasion, but most of all for the house-party season. The days of the *Salon* type of women are over, and the best way to make our guests comfortable in modern England is to abstain from putting ourselves too much in evidence, and to engage reliable servants. A woman may spend the morning in her bedroom or boudoir, the afternoon lying down or writing letters—so long as she appears well dressed and in good form for dinner—and not a single guest will miss her, if there is congenial company and amusement to be had—both of which, of course, she has to provide, as it were, from the background. Once, a hostess had to work hard to entertain a single guest; now, her money, judiciously spent, will amuse a whole houseful, and it is becoming increasingly easy for such women to be idle. Hence one secret of our long list of nervous diseases —it is produced by two causes only: too little work or too much, and we all suffer, more or less, from one or the other inconvenience. LADY PHYLLIS.

STUDIES IN "BLACK & WHITE"

Photos

Where the famous "Black & White" Whiskey is Bottled



Maclure, Macdonald and Co.

The Automatic Filling, Corking, and Bottling Machines

Messrs. Buchanan, the well-known distillers of the "Black & White" and "Red Seal" whiskies, have just opened their immense new bonded warehouse at Glasgow, the largest in the world. The total capacity of the vats at the present moment is 100,000 gallons, but in a short time another vat of huge size will be ready for use, capable of holding 20,000 gallons. At the opening ceremony of the new building, Mr. James Buchanan, the founder and head of the firm, was presented with a valuable gold key

TWO VIEWS OF MESSRS. BUCHANAN'S NEW BONDED WAREHOUSE AT GLASGOW